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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

August 21, 1943

PRICE

3<sup>0</sup>



Calderwood



# DEVIL'S ISLANDER

By . . .  
**WILLIAM MOWERY**

ON the morning when the grey plane came Francois was awakened by the cooing of his jungle doves. Always at the crack of dawn they flew down from the palms around his clearing and chortled at his hut door to be fed.

Francois sat up in his hammock, stretching—a battered, dangerous jaguar of a man, in his early forties. The nightmare of Devil's Island lay a year and a thousand sea miles behind him, but he had the scars of it on his body and the iron of it in his heart.

When he first escaped, Francois had headed up across the Caribbean to join the De Gaulists and fight the Boche. But he soon found that a Devil's Islander, with whip-marks on his back, wasn't wanted. In fact, Francois found he was still a criminal, in danger of getting pitched into some dank old morro. So he had holed up on this little Windward island, and here he was hiding out, on its south coast—a piece of human flotsam, useless, and alone in the world.

Swinging down from his hammock, Francois splashed water over his head, and then put on his canvas trousers. As he reached for his home-made beret he heard the thrum of a plane, gliding in towards Ceiba Cove. The plane had a different sound from the Yankee craft that patrolled the Caribbean like restless hawks; and he stepped outside to listen, with the doves cooing around his bare feet.

In Ceiba Cove he heard a splash, and the loud quacking of cormorants, as the mysterious plane landed. After a short taxi the engines were cut.

Suspicious, Francois stepped over to one of the tall palms in his clearing. He had nailed cleats up it, and he climbed up to the crown. His friend, Corporal Marcos, had the job of patrolling that coast for German submarines; and Francois had been

helping Marcos—with a spy-glass in the tall tree. Partly he wanted to repay the kindly, obscure corporal who was bringing supplies and shielding him from prison; and partly it made him feel he was doing something against the Boche.

Francois had to look twice around the cove from his tree top before he saw the plane, so well was it camouflaged and hidden. Then he spotted it against the east shore. It was a two-engined craft of neutral grey, and it had taxied in under a huge spread celiba for concealment from the Yankee hawks.

As Francois studied it, his fingers tightened on his short machete, and a thrill ran like high wine in his blood. That plane was German!

Unbelievably, Francois rubbed at his eyes and looked at the craft. It was plainly a long-range ship. The conviction hit Francois that it had come from Europe. That the Boche had made a quick stab across the Atlantic to carry out some secret mission of great importance.

The unerring way they had hit the little cove, across all those sea leagues; and had taxied straight to the celiba tree, showed they knew their job to the last detail—whatever that job was.

Just as Francois started down the cleats five men strode out of the jungle near his tree. They glanced at his hut, about the clearing, then up at the crown's nest, as though they had known even about that; and they spotted Francois as he tried to draw a leafy branch around himself. One of them sent a bullet zing-ing close, to cow him. Another called him in French.

"Come down peacefully, Frenchman, or we'll shoot you out of there like a monkey cartwheeling out of a coco-palm."

At the foot of the tree Francois faced his captors. They were five Luftwaffe officers—a major in command, three captains, and a



lieutenant. Armed with lugers and paratroop carbines, they were young alert men, plainly hand-picked for this mission.

The major said: "You're Francois de Bru, the Devil's Islander. Of Nantes. Yes?"

Francois nodded. The remark told him that the Germans had some capable agent along this coast, as Corporal Marcos insisted. It told him also that these men had not captured him solely by accident. They wanted him to play some part in the plans they had worked out.

At a word from the major, the lieutenant stepped up and slapped metal handcuffs on Francois' wrists and locked a leash chain around Francois' waist. Then the party walked over to the hut, where the major and captain took Francois inside. The other three Germans went on to the east edge of the clearing, where the trail came out of the jungle, and set to work at something there.

The major, addressed by the captain as "Habicht," spread a chart on Francois' rattan table.

"You've hunted in this jungle, Frenchman," he said. "We want you to guide us on a trip. We've got to get back here by to-morrow nightfall."

Francois scanned the map, which was of white waterproofed linen. It showed Ceiba Cove. It showed the twelve miles of jungle that reached north to a sea arm called Wild Hog Bay. It showed the Bane and the coast trail.

But its most prominent mark by far was the black swastika over on Wild Hog.

Major Habicht pointed at the swastika. "That's where we're going, libere. We want you to guide us there and back. You'll collaborate, ja?" His hand rested on his luger.

"I'll do my best," Francois said warily. It was a great mystery to him, this trip. What was taking these officers to that desolate country of mangrove flats, jungle, and a few fishermen's shacks? It had nothing to be sabotaged, no Yankee bases, no waters safe for U-boats.

As they went outside he saw that the three Germans at the jungle edge had strung a thin wire across the trail between two ebony saplings and were filling in two holes they'd dug beside the path. Habicht explained to impress and tame him:

"Your friend, Corporal Marcos, comes past here tomorrow morning. If he should find your hut empty he'd start smelling around on our trail. We've arranged that he won't. That's a land mine yonder. When he rides into that wire—pouf!" Francois shut his eyes, to keep

"Come down peacefully, Frenchman, or we'll shoot you out of there," called the Nazi officer.

from striking the German with his manacled hands. They left the clearing at once and struck straight north through the dense jungle towards the swastika on Wild Hog.

Instead of allowing Francois a guide's freedom, the officers made him walk third in the file, where he was hemmed in both ways; and always one of them had the leash chain snapped to his military belt. Francois noticed that they were blazing trail, on the palms and bamboo, and he knew what this meant. They didn't intend to use him on the return trip. They intended to dispose of him when he got them to Wild Hog.

By mid-morning wisps of sea fog were sifting through the jungle. Then followed an hour of broken showers, and then the tropic rain. In a steady, white downpour. The Germans got out hooded overalls of some black, thin stuff, and pushed on.

In a violent squall just before noon they reached the low crest midway between Ceiba Cove and Wild Hog.

Major Habicht consulted Francois. "How long"—he cupped his hands against the wind and the thrash of the jungle—"will this storm last?"

"This spasm will kick over soon, but the rain won't stop till the cool after sundown."

"Then find us shelter here."

After a little circling around, Francois found a small bat cave, in an outcropping of ancient sea rock, where he once had roasted a young wild pig.

The Germans got out food and ate, from black-lined cans. When they had finished and had lit cigarettes, Francois asked Habicht: "Would it do any harm, Herr Major, for me to know what is yonder at the black swastika?"

Habicht thought it over. Finally he asked: "Do you know who Captain Wolf Guenther is, Frenchman?"

Francois nodded. Wolf Guenther was a submarine commander, one of the shark-aces of the Nazi navy who had exhibited a genius for pig-boat work. He had been the scourge of the Caribbean, till a Yankee bomber caught his boat surfacing at dusk and blew it to bits. The debris and dead seamen brought in to Sallors Bane by a small craft had been positively identified by the Yankee major stationed there.

"Well," Habicht said, "at that black swastika is Captain Guenther, Frenchman. We came across the Atlantic to get him and fly him home."

Francois stiffened. Here was the

scent of big game! He objected, "But, Herr Major—"

"I know; you think Wolf Guenther is dead. Well, he's far from it. He got ashore from that bombing, and he's living over there in a deserted jungle shack. He got word out, and we came for him in a hurry, before the Yankees pick him off. Guenther is a great prize, Frenchman."

"A very great prize, Herr Major," Francois agreed. The whole mysterious trip of the Luftwaffers suddenly made sense to him. Wolf Guenther was worth a dozen such trips—he was worth a battleship!

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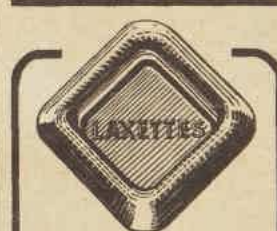
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# Second HONEYMOON

By RUPERT CHARLES

17 AUG 1943  
NEW SOUTH WALES

GEORGE didn't like Aunt Sophie. For that matter he didn't like anybody who got in his way—and a sick, elderly woman in the house can interrupt life's routine surprisingly. Not that George had to bear the brunt of it. It was Margaret who was kept running up and down stairs unceasingly, carrying delicacies, pouring out medicine, coaxing the invalid to take a little interest in life.

Of course, George had never put himself out for anybody in all the thirty years of his life, but Margaret thought he was charming, and, strange to relate, when George was with Margaret he was charming.

He took her away from a fellow called Ralph Garson—snatched her right from under his nose, so to speak. During that whirlwind courtship George forgot to be smart—forgot everything in fact, except that he wanted Margaret, and that life wouldn't be the same without her.

They were married in the autumn, with only two dissentients—Ralph Garson, who wanted Margaret himself, and Ethel Parsons, who was Margaret's best friend as well as her second cousin. Ethel didn't like George from the start. During the

prologue to the wedding she had seen much of the bride-elect.

"Of course, Marg, I guess you're old enough to know what you're doing," she said once.

"Don't you worry, Ethel," bubbled Margaret. "George and I are going to enjoy life. You must come and visit us often—that'll give you a chance to get to know George properly."

"I know him well enough already," said Ethel darkly, "but I'll come whenever you want me. Maybe you'll need a friend before very long."

The wedding went off very well, except that George inferred to the minister that his fee was extortionate. Margaret looked across at Ethel once, but quickly averted her eyes again. Ethel looked just like a critic at a Broadway premiere.

Margaret didn't take long in discovering all there was to know about George. The first thing she discovered was that he was never wrong. He took great pains to explain this to her on every possible occasion, pointing out her own inconsistencies and his unflinching patience. Her second discovery was that George didn't like spending money on anyone except himself.

Thirdly, George had fallen into a steady routine of life which was only slightly interrupted by his marriage. Margaret found that she was expected to keep his house in order, his clothes in good repair, his meals regular and good, his self-esteem polished, and his mode of life unimpaired.

After several years of married life according to George's standards, Margaret staged a quiet rebellion. Nothing very spectacular, and the eventual victory left Margaret worse off than before. But a rebellion against George, none the less.

Of course, it was instigated by Ethel, who had kept her word and come when Margaret, disappointed and crestfallen, had asked her for comfort.

"The next time you want to have your way about something just remember that

you're not exactly a worm," Ethel had advised, very firmly. "Stand up for yourself before it's too late!"

Aunt Sophie provided the opportunity. Margaret had always been fond of Aunt Sophie, and now that the end was near she determined that the old lady should not die alone and unattended. Somehow, she forced herself to stand up to George, who had flatly refused to have Aunt Sophie in the house. With a red patch on each cheek, Margaret staged her minor rebellion.

"Either she comes, George, or I go!" she cried, amazed at her own temerity.

George gazed at her open-mouthed. "Are you mad, Margaret?" he asked dazedly. "I—I've never heard you talk this way before!"

"I mean it, George," Margaret insisted. "Either Aunt Sophie is offered a home in this house or I'll take care of her somewhere else. And you can just imagine what people are going to say when they hear why I've left you."

That staggered George badly. He decided quickly that the only thing to do was to surrender with as little loss of face as possible.

He coughed. "Very well, Margaret," he answered. "Since you choose to blackmail me, I give in. Bring the old woman if you insist—but don't ask me to take any interest in her. I trust that the routine of this household will not be interrupted in any way by the fresh duties you've imposed on all of us. And, of course, you'll have to do without Mrs. Kelly to make up for it."

So Mrs. Kelly went, and life for Margaret became an unceasing round of anxious toil. To be sure, she had now to run the household alone, as well as looking after an invalid old lady. Anxious, because of George's constant vigilance for something left undone, or some fault committed which might give him the chance to point out that he was the chief sufferer through Aunt Sophie's presence in the house.

Of course, the moment came when George's long-awaited opportunity materialised. After a trying day, when everything had gone wrong, Margaret realised with a sinking heart that dinner would inevitably be late. Either that, or be served up under-cooked. She dreaded the click of the door which would announce George's homecoming, and it came when she was upstairs with Aunt Sophie.

WHEN she came down to the dining-room she found George sitting there, watch in hand. He began his attack immediately.

"Now, let me see," he mused. "Am I home a little earlier than usual? According to my watch, I arrived at the usual time, and the clock on the mantel agrees with my watch. But it's just possible that I did come home early, and that both the clock and my watch are wrong. Perhaps you could solve the problem, Margaret?"

Of all George's moods this was the one Margaret hated most, and George enjoyed best.

"I'm sorry, George," she began, "but this is the first time—"

He looked puzzled. "Why should you be sorry?" he asked innocently. "It's my fault, isn't it. I've arrived too early. Or perhaps you've altered the existing arrangements? Since our—our guest has been here I'm not so familiar with the household schedule. Would it suit you any better if I stayed at the office a quarter-hour later? Or, maybe, I could fill in time at the pool-room."

Margaret could only repeat her apology. "I'm sorry, George."

George burned up. "Oh, it's always 'I'm sorry, George!'" he thundered. "I don't want you to be sorry. I want my dinner!"



"Do I look all right?" Margaret asked calmly.

He gripped his pipe, grabbed his newspaper. "I'm going to read my paper in the study. Call me when—or should I say IF?—dinner is ready!"

Bang! And that was George shutting the door.

However, Aunt Sophie, poor old soul, died before long, and George, as if in a dream, heard Margaret and Ethel tell him that she had left five thousand pounds.

"Well!" he muttered. "Imagine her keeping that from us! The cunning old devil—I say! Who gets all this money?"

"I do," answered Margaret softly.

"Phew!" gasped George. "Almost takes your breath away, doesn't it? Five thousand dropping into your lap when you least expect it. By heck, but that's amazing!" He began beaming with good nature.

"Well, she wasn't such a bad old stick, after all. Nice of her to think of us like that. Just imagine what we can do with that money! We can shift from this poky little place for a start, and rent a smart flat uptown! By golly, wait till the boys in the office hear about this!"

"What else have you decided, George?" Ethel cooed. "If George hadn't been so excited the unusual sweetness of her voice must have warned him there was a catch in it."

"A new car, of course. One of those sports roadsters—I've always wanted one of those. I'll go up and take a look at the new models first thing tomorrow—"

George went on rhapsodising. He failed to notice Margaret and Ethel. Unknown to him, Margaret was feeling a certain sardonic pleasure for the first time in her married life. And Ethel was experiencing a ferocious kind of thrill in anticipation.

Just about twenty-four hours of speculation had resolved George on one vital thing. It would be an eight-cylinder—not a six. He came home from the office ready to show Margaret an ornate catalogue—ready to tell her just what he'd decided.

But Margaret was missing. He called out impatiently. A cooling voice answered: "Hello, George. It was Ethel."

"Where's Margaret?" he thundered.

The battle was joined. "She's out, George—in town."

"In town at this hour! What about my dinner?"

"Perhaps a tin of sardines, or—"

"Look here, do you mean to say there isn't any dinner being cooked?"

"I'm afraid I can't smell anything—"

"What's wrong with everybody? Since Margaret got news about that money she's gone nuts! Hasn't had a word to say! And now... no dinner! And I find she's still in town!"

"I think she went to town to arrange an advance on some of her Aunt's securities."

No dinner, thought George. No dinner, and— But what was Ethel saying? Advance? "Did I hear you say advance?"

A shrug. "That's just what she's doing—"

"No." A somewhat panicky smile. "No, she wouldn't do that. Not without my permission. Besides, she couldn't!"

"Oh! I thought Aunt Sophie left Margaret the money?"

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GEORGE struggled for self-control. "Listen to me, Miss Parsons—I don't like the way you interfere in our affairs. In future, I'd be glad if you'd mind your own confounded business! In future—"

"George!" This was Margaret—but a new Margaret, beautifully dressed in fashionable new clothes, an orchid pinned to her new fur jacket.

"M—Margaret—what on earth..." George lost his breath.

"My dear, how marvellous you look!" exclaimed Ethel. "I've never witnessed such a miracle!"

"Do I look all right?"

"All right!" breathed Ethel. "You're stunning!"

"Margaret," George began haughtily, "kindly tell me the meaning of this extraordinary conduct."

"Mind your own business!" Margaret interrupted coolly. "What you don't seem to understand, dear George, is that Aunt Sophie left the money to me. To me! I have charge of the money. I am going to spend it. I am going to throw it away. And you can do what you like about it!"

To George what followed was a nightmare. He saw his wife—the wife he had ordered around for years, the wife he had deprived of smart clothes, of personal liberty, of worldly pleasures—change overnight into a well-dressed, beautifully groomed woman of the world.

He saw the beauty he had stifled now blossom out in its full glory—and, for the first time in his life, he knew he was an utter fool. To have held this magnificent creature a prisoner so long was a crime for which he could never atone.

He only caught glimpses of her now—in between engagements. Only these were Margaret's engagements, not his.

Then came the terrible night when she hadn't come home at all. Seven became eleven. And eleven became two. The clock laughed at him. The noise of every car

passing made him jump. He smoked incessantly. At 2.30 he mixed himself a tasteless drink.

He closed his eyes, and an imaginary picture of her night's adventure flashed through his mind. Garson... Ralph Garson... Dinner, that must be it! Dancing. Maybe—maybe they embraced. And—and his thought faltered. It was all over.

He opened his eyes and was shocked to find Margaret in the room, by his side.

"Hullo, George," she said, cheerily. "I'd like to have a talk with you. This is the first chance we've had for weeks."

He knew what was coming. She was going to ask for a divorce, so that she could marry Garson.

"Listen, Margaret," he said. "I know it's too late now to do anything about what's happened. But I want you to hear what I have to say."

Curious... This wasn't the George she knew. He seemed to have aged a little—to have grown thinner. But she liked the new George far better than the old one.

"All right, George," she said. "I'm listening."

He plunged into a torrent of words. He was humbled. Penitent, too. And he knew that he was

Second Honeymoon

Continued from page 3

beaten. He'd been a fool—an utter fool.

Garson... Garson came into the conversation. Why? Margaret couldn't understand... then she realised. George was standing on the bridge of the ship of matrimony and it was going down... and he was sinking with the ship. This was not what she expected. She felt a little strange.

"George, you're—you're ready to give me up?"

"Yes, I'm ready to face the inevitable. It's tough, Margaret. Garson is no doubt a decent fellow and after—after the divorce—"

Divorce! Had she waited too long to show her cards? She was suddenly scared; for she had a whole lot to confess, and when she had confessed would George really insist upon that—horrible word—divorce?

"George," she whispered, "you—you'd like to start—over again?"

"Margaret!" He put his arms on her shoulders, stared into her eyes. "Margaret, I've had too much of a shock to be a fool again. I swear to you—"

"Wait!" She swallowed, inevitable sign of increasing nervousness. "George, I'd better tell you—something."

"Does it really matter?"

"I don't know. You can be the judge of that. It's about Aunt Sophie's will. She made out this will, you know, and left me all that money... But—but—apparently she was a bit off her head."

"Off her head?"

"Yes, George. She made a will leaving all that money—but it appears she didn't have any money to leave."

"What!" shouted George.

"Meekly: 'Yes, George, it's true...'"

"Does—does this mean that—all those clothes—and—and everything have got—to be paid for?"

"Ye-yes, George."

"Ye gods!"

They looked at each other very uncertainly, unable to speak. Then unexpectedly—incredibly—George laughed.

"Why, George?"

George continued to laugh. "It's funny, darned funny. It takes a fictitious amount of money, a will prepared by a nutty old woman, to make me wake up to myself—and to you, darling."

"You're quite—happy?"

"Of course—to find that we can both start over again. A second honeymoon, you might say."

"Oh, George!" It was the real George come back to her at last, the George she had lost.

(Copyright)

Devil's Islander

Continued from page 2

the Bavarian captain on the other, Francois swung along with his head high. He had taken off his rain-sodden beret and was carrying it, like a war-weary poet coming victoriously home at long last.

He pointed to a break in the jungle ahead. "We're quite close, Herr Major. Across that deserted clearing and through the palm thickets beyond it— But a glance at the map, please, before the light fails. Merci."

He took the map and marched along as though studying it. But his eyes were sharply watching the opening ahead. And he was softly humming "La Marseillaise."

Just a pace from the clearing edge he suddenly stuck the map inside his sodden, heavy beret, and with a two-handed heave sent beret and map sailing far out into the clearing. Then, as the Germans swung their guns on him, he cried: "This is how I collaborate with you, Boche! And he lunged out with a bare foot and kicked a wire."

The wire was stretched across the path between two ebony saplings.

When Corporal Marcos came riding along the trail in the sunlight of the next morning he reined up short at a great gaping hole by the edge of Francois de Bru's clearing. The two saplings had been whittled away like straws, the near palms flattened, the jungle shredded for yards in every direction.

At the hut Francois' doves were cooing around the door, unfed.

"Maldito!" Marcos breathed.

"What have we here?"

Out in the clearing, in Francois' arbor of thorn guavas, he saw something white dangling. It looked like paper, and it was safely beyond

the area of carnage—as though somehow put there. The thought struck Marcos that it might be some message for him. He rode around to the guava bushes and reached for it.

The paper, he saw, was a map, of water-proofed linen. It showed Ceiba Cove. It showed the jungle and Wild Hog. But its most prominent mark was a black swastika over on Wild Hog Bay.

The language of the map baffled Marcos, but the swastika suggested that the chart was German. Suspicion seized him. This mysterious thing might be of importance the very highest. He must take it with speed to the Yanqui major stationed at Sailors Bane. Aye, the Yanqui would know what it meant!

As he put the chart carefully into his pocket Marcos saw a blue beret hanging in the guava foliage. For a long moment he gazed at it, with sorrowful eyes. The beret, the doves and the quiet of the clearing told him that Francois de Bru was gone, had died in the explosion yonder; and in a vague way he knew that somehow Francois had spoken to him with this map.

Marcos breathed a prayer for the strange lonely man he had befriended. He prayed that Francois de Bru, exile, Devil's Islander, and outcast, was now with that shining host he had sometimes mentioned: Martel! Lafayette! And the girl Jeanne!

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# THIS FRAIL FLOWER

*Their first love was a hot-house plant, unable to survive reality.*

**S**ILENTLY, they stared at each other across the mass of shining machinery. Automatically Martin Grayson put his hand to the lever and the engine slowed down into silence.

"This is very extraordinary, Carol, to find you here," he said conventionally.

"Not exactly my setting?" She threw it at him like a challenge, not so much because she felt that way, but because this sudden meeting had moved her more than she cared to admit.

They stood here together in this corner of the workshop, the thick air split with the clang of iron, the ring of steel, the urgent rhythm of machines, and the triumphant speed of the skilled hands that fed them. He smiled suddenly.

"An aircraft factory—no, not exactly your setting!"

"What would you suggest, a cocktail bar or a night club?"

The smile went. "No, I would still suggest some sort of war work for anyone as young, healthy, and free as you, Carol." His mouth tightened a little. "I presume you are still free?"

"Free as air, except for the mere ten hours a day I put in here," she answered lightly.

"I'm still interested to know why you should choose this."

"To spite my father! Does it shock you?"

"No, it puzzles me. Your father was always so generous to you."

"Even fathers change, and it seems that mine has no use for idle daughters in wartime, and I was no longer his blue-eyed darling. Stella had long since joined the W.A.A.F., and why couldn't I do something equally useful? You remember Stella?"

Indeed he did—that grave elder sister, a soft brown shadow of the scintillating Carol, the sort of girl to make him a wonderful wife, yet he had been fool enough to give his love to Carol, who was lovely and lovable, spoiled, useless. She was saying:

"I got sick of hearing how noble was dear Stella, of all the heavy hints dropped for my benefit. Then father got tired, too, and stopped the allowance and found me a job. It was a nice simple job sorting clothes for jumble sales, or something, suited, as he thought, to my capabilities." That riled me. I walked out and chose the hardest job I could find.

"You chose well."

"Make no mistake, that's the only reason why I'm here, Martin. Not because I'm inspired by any uplifting motives, but because I'm out to show my father that I can make a success of anything I choose, but I won't be forced to do it by a lot of stuffy principles."

"Your personal motives for this job don't concern me, but I demand that each day's work is one hundred per cent, accurate and perfect."

He turned from her, dragging that damaged leg with such a poignant limp. Her heart thudded uncomfortably in her throat. Did he still remember with bitterness that lightning-swift accident and its tragic consequences, blame her for her own part in it?

Martin had been so different from the other men she had gone around with in that gay pre-Munich year—older, graver, finer. Stella had brought him in to Sunday supper one night—poor Stella with her heart in her eyes—and she, Carol, liking the look of this new, so-different man, had been purposely gay and fascinating, while Stella grew silent and more shadowy.

"I like your boy friend," she challenged after he had gone.

"He's not my boy friend," said Stella quickly.

"Oh—I thought you seemed attracted. You don't often bring them home, darling."

"I asked Martin because he's in rotten digs and would have gone home to a beastly supper—that's all," said Stella, smiling.

That smile satisfied Carol, because she wanted to be satisfied. After that Martin came often to the house and went about occasionally with the crowd of young people who were her friends.

"What on earth you see in that gang beats me," he grumbled. "There's not one of them with an idea in his head on anything that is worth while."

"Who wants ideas, anyway—they're amusing."

"If you call that amusement—"

"We can't all be stodge like you, sweet."

"Carol, listen. I love you and you know it. I have so little free time, and when I have I want you to myself. I won't share you with a bunch of half-wits—"

"You'd have more if you gave up that absurd flying notion. Why must you spend so much time at the school? Surely there's no need for all this haste—if it's a hobby, why not take it in easy stages?"

"But, darling, don't you see that once flying is within your reach, you've got to go on, master your machine, master the air?"

"No, I don't." She was petulant because she cared for Martin more than she would admit. They bickered over it, and they quarrelled over the crowd. Carol wouldn't give in; the sophistication of those moneyed young people excited and amused her.

Her birthday party ran according to type, and Martin endured it with good grace. When the club shut its doors on them at two a.m. the crowd was still thirsty for fun, and as they piled into their cars Carol called out to them: "We'll finish the party at home."

A youth named Chips bellowed back: "Race you to town, Carol."

"Done!" She let in the gears with a clash and the car shot forward. Martin watched her, cheeks brilliant with excitement, small foot jammed hard on the accelerator. He watched the quivering finger of the speedometer creeping up and up—

"Carol, you'd better slow down a bit, the road's icy—dangerous at this speed."

"What an old maid you are, Martin. You've been crabby all the evening. How do you get on in your old aeroplane if you're windy of a spot of speed?"

"Speed doesn't frighten me, but careless driving does."

"Well, you'll have to put up with it. I'm not going to let that ass Chips—"

It happened in a second. The startled rabbit petrified in the glare of the headlights, Carol's arrogant turn at the wheel, the silencing skid, the age of waiting—then the crash, searing pain, darkness. Carol still felt sick when she thought about it, the hours they lay there in the cold. She plinned beneath the wrecked car, unable to move; Martin a silent, strangely crumpled heap at her side.

Looking at the wreck, everyone said how lucky they were to have escaped so lightly. Carol with her bruises and Martin with his shattered leg and the crack on his skull.

"They call that luck," he said bitterly, when she visited him for the first time, many weeks later. "Luck to drag this stiff leg after me all my life, luck to be chained to the earth as surely as if I were riveted there—knowing there's no more flying—ever."

"Oh, Martin dear, this is a terrible blow I know, but there is some luck left for you yet—"

He wasn't even listening to her, just staring ahead into some dark world of his own, defeat in his eyes.

It was Stella who told her that



*"Your personal motives for this job don't concern me," said Martin.*

Martin had gone off to South America to soak himself in sunshine and heal his shattered nerves.

"You see, I was right," said Carol quietly. "He doesn't want me. He didn't even come to say goodbye."

From that moment she set about putting Martin Grayson out of heart and mind. There had still been a few dreams left . . .

Carol fully expected Martin to take a pleasure in working her specially hard. But it wasn't like that at all. Martin was completely fair and completely impartial. Days merged into weeks and Carol was moved from the begin-

"Yes, it is— isn't it?" She bent her head over the machine again because her eyes were brimming with tears, and it was unthinkable that he should see them. In those few words he had destroyed all her pride of achievement. He would never believe that it was weeks since she had given a single thought to that stupid boast of hers.

They met one night going home. It was raining hard and she stood in the shelter of some trees near the bus stop, shifting from one aching foot to another.

Martin limped up and joined her with some surprise. "Why, Carol, still here? I thought you left with the last shift."

"I dawdled and just missed a bus."

She didn't tell him that she had been too tired to push with that her shoulders ached miserably, that her hands were bruised and her nails broken, and that she swam in a mist of weariness.

He said abruptly. "I've news for you, Carol, and I hope you'll think it good. There's a new machine coming in to-morrow, something very special—you're scheduled for it."

"Some time to-morrow. The instructor will work with you until you're skilled—it's a small and rather delicate piece of work, needing a woman's light touch."

"I see." She knew it sounded bleak and disinterested; she wanted to say a thousand things so that Martin should see how she felt, but the words stuck in her throat.

The bus loomed round the corner;

there was so little left of this precious moment of intimacy, and there was still something she must know. She said a little breathlessly:

"Did you choose me yourself for this job, Martin?" The bus roared up, drowning her words.

"What did you say?"

The moment had passed. "Nothing—it doesn't matter."

The work was difficult and she gave it every ounce of energy and concentration she possessed. She must succeed. Martin was often by her side, encouraging her when she felt she would never get that perfect accuracy that was so essential.

"She's better'n most of 'em," said the instructor grudgingly.

At last she was left in charge and Martin came to see her first lone effort. He picked up the small shining part, running his fingers over the smooth surface, applying the gauges, scrutinising it with a magnifying glass for flaws. Her heart was in her mouth as she watched him. He put it down carefully on the rack.

"Perfect. A hundred per cent. job. Go to it. The accuracy and the speed at which you can produce these parts means men's lives. You're important—how does it make you feel?"

"Rather humble."

She bent over the work, starting up the delicate mechanism. Martin stood beside her for a moment; he seemed about to say something as she worked, mind intent on the machine.

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**By PHYLLIS MANNIN**

ner's machine to something more important and ambitious. She felt absurdly proud as she stood beside it on that first morning, listening intently to the instructor.

When Martin saw her she was engrossed in the work, head bent, gloved hands cautiously exploring the new mechanism. She did not hear him until he was beside her, and the sound of his voice brought the color to her face.

"Congratulations on the promotion."

"I feel like a dog with two tails," she laughed happily.

"This will finally convince your father. Not only can you hold down the job, but are on the way towards being a skilled worker! What a triumph for you!"



# Crikey!

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# LADY IN HAZARD

Mystery grows deeper in this absorbing instalment of our Australian serial.

**S**ENSATIONAL events occur round Red Shutters, holiday guest-house in New South Wales. The dangerous German internee, OTTO VON GRAUPNER, escapes in the district; MARGARET HEYDON, his former employee, motoring to the guest house to meet her sister, SHEILA, fails to turn up; JOE DANVERS, odd-job man, is found dead in a ravine by house guests, CORPORAL FRED TUCKER, his wife, DAPHNE, and their friend, SERGEANT BILL CARTER.

KEN CUNNINGHAM, moody and cynical young man, tries to reassure Sheila about her sister, as do MR. FIELDING, genial proprietor, and MRS. SHASTERS, housekeeper. Sheila attempts to interest herself in the other guests, who include MILE MOREAU, a French refugee; the borsome LESLIE DASKEY, and beautiful LORICE FALWAY, who has quarrelled with SQUADRON-LEADER GERALD DESMOND.

Eventually Sheila receives a telegram from Margaret, saying that she met a friend and delayed her arrival a few days.

Now read on:

**A**FTER breakfast on Tuesday Sheila disappeared, but, strolling down the drive, Cunningham saw her leaning over the front gates. Watching for her sister, he supposed.

If he had been liable to tenderness, he might have been moved by the sight of so much anxiety poured out over a person who, on barest evidence, seemed to have been pretty casual where her people were concerned. Since he was not, he viewed this example of family love with the quiet curiosity of an invalid who, since time must be passed, takes notes of the insect and bird life about him.

Sheila, turning from the road at that moment, watched his approach with a faint frown. In the manner of some girls whose growing-up has been filled with family responsibilities, Sheila had given little serious thought to men. They were nice creatures, friends of her brothers who came home with them and had to be fed at intervals, talked to when not playing games, and fenced with in more emotional moods.

Sometimes she had gone out with them, but left off when she found that outings had to be paid for with arguments. She had missed several of them, and wished she had a different make-up.

"You'll go through the wood and pick up a crooked stick," one of her friends had warned her.

"Better a crooked stick I want than a straight one I don't," she had replied. It had rankled, all the same.

As Cunningham approached she turned her head away abruptly and stared down the road.

"What are you doing to-day?" he asked.

"Waiting for the service bus."

"Service bus?"

"It doesn't come by till this afternoon, but people sit on piers for hours to watch for boats. I don't see why I shouldn't hang around for a bus."

"Where does it come from?"

"From the bowels of the earth somewhere, through Merringbah, past here, and on to Lower Appleby Junction. Twice a week. Mondays and Fridays. I heard Mrs. Shasters talking to Fielding. They're expecting a new guest at dinner to-night."

Cunningham stared thoughtfully back at the house, and at that moment, as though his desire had materialised, came a sound of a car snorting its way down the side path from the garage. It emerged into the main drive with a gust of small explosions.

The sergeant stopped the confusion, slid out, and unscrewed the cap of the radiator.

"I told you I'd filled her," murmured Tucker.

"I wish she had the stomachs of a camel," complained the sergeant. "She needs them the way she boils. On the way down there was that much steam I didn't know whether I was driving a motor car or a Limited Express. There must be a blockage somewhere," he told Cunningham. "I wanted to put in some washing soda—that's great for cleaning out radiators—but the brother-in-law said: 'Don't do that; you'll wash all the rust out of the leaks.'"

"Going for a trip?" asked Cunningham. The sergeant looked at him in scorn.

"Trip nothing," he said. "We're beating it altogether. I wouldn't put in another night here if Fielding gave me the place. And as for Daph—well, brother, I just wouldn't like to repeat what she said about it. I wouldn't have believed she knew the words. Anyhow, I got no faith in that policeman. He says he won't pool Fred and me into the inquest, but I wouldn't trust a John any further than I could throw a battleship."

"So we're making for Merringbah pronto. And pronto won't be half fast enough, either, believe me."

"What's at Merringbah?"

"I don't know and I don't care. It can't be worse than this, anyhow. Any place looks good to me if there's no Mrs. Carew-Poole there. She's so set up about the jobs we aren't doing out there, it pretty near puts her off her game."

"Oh, you can't get easy with anyone but Mademoiselle," said Tucker, with a side wink at Cunningham. "Hear him talk there. Can't stop. You'd think he was bomb-happy. He's took her address and all to post her recipes. . . . And he began to hum 'Mademoiselle from Armisties' under his breath."

"Fielding'll be annoyed at your pulling out, won't he?" asked Cunningham.

"Didn't seem to care," said the sergeant. "What odds, anyway?" In a picturesque phrase he consigned Fielding to the warmest possible climate, including, on the way, the rest of the bridge three, Daskey, and Mrs. Shasters.

An idea shot through Cunningham's mind: "I wouldn't mind a run into Merringbah myself, if Miss Heydon would come. Have you got room?"

"Fit you in all right," said the sergeant, hospitably. "Why not? The old car'll carry a ton. The more the merrier. But how are you going to get back?"

"Service bus. Miss Heydon has just shaken one out of the hat."

"Why come back at all?" inquired the corporal. "If I was you and got away from the place, I'd stop away. And the girl friend, too."

"You're a bit mixed up there,"



replied Cunningham. "Miss Heydon is on her own here. I can't claim to be a friend of hers. And she can't leave. She's waiting for her sister."

Sheila was glancing from one to another in growing puzzlement.

"It's a crazy notion," said Cunningham, "but it just occurred to me that your sister might be putting up at Merringbah for her short spell. As well there as anywhere, and here's a chance of finding out. It's only a tiny place, I believe."

Sheila felt unbearably restless, and the thought of any action was welcome. "But I was hoping she might telephone this morning."

Cunningham felt like telling her that he, personally, had long given up hope of Margaret Heydon behaving in a reasonable manner, but it was no use raising that point again.

"We may get in a jump ahead of her. At all events, you'll be doing something definite. Hop in."

"But we'll have to leave word with Mrs. Shasters."

"Oh, nonsense," he said, casually.

"You just got back in time," Fielding said, snipping at a bushy shrub.

a house since we left Red Shutters. The desert'd be better than this. You might see a camel there."

"There's a house." Her husband indicated the inevitable clump of pines a little way back from the road on the next rise. "And a pretty big one, too, if you ask me. What more do you want?"

"Old homestead, I suppose," said the sergeant.

"Then I'd sooner have a new homestead," declared Daph. "Don't you ever say you're going on the land after the war, Fred Tucker. If you do, you go on your own."

They passed the gates, beyond which a long and gloomy avenue of pines led up to the house. As they mounted the rise, Cunningham glanced back and noticed beyond the house and its considerable outbuildings a few hundred acres of cleared and level paddocks, but for the most part the country looked neglected, forlorn, and lonely.

"What would they do at a place like that?" inquired Sheila.

"Run a few sheep, I suppose," said Sergeant Carter. "It doesn't look as though they did much else but sit on a fence and watch the wool grow. A great life if you like it."

"Looks mondy to me," said Daph. "Probably a hundred years old," said her husband.

"A hundred years too old," said Daph. "Red Shutters was bad enough. This joint's got moss on it."

The old homestead dropped behind. There was no other house

for miles. At last a few scattered farms announced that they were approaching civilisation. The rough macadam gave way to bitumen, and they ran through an avenue of bare poplars to a picturesque bridge over a sluggish river. Beyond it the road became a street. They were in Merringbah.

The only living creatures in view were a dog scratching himself thoughtfully before the solitary general store, and a bearded ancient dozing on a form outside the Bridge Hotel. From Moggs Brothers, Merringbah Bakery, came the agreeable smell of fresh bread, and the ring of metal on metal indicated that there was a shoeing forge somewhere about.

The car stopped, as though by intuition, outside the hotel. The three men dived in, in order, as the sergeant explained to Daph with a wink, to inquire the time. This took them a quarter of an hour, and when they came out both soldiers were firm in their determination to move on further.

"There's only one thing this town doesn't suffer from, so far as I can see," announced the sergeant, "and that's insomnia. We had to keep shaking the old bloke behind the bar so to keep him awake while he pulled our beer. As soon as he put our pots on the counter he went off again."

"It's the war," said the corporal. "Hardly anyone ever comes through here now, what with petrol rationing and all. What's left of the population has gone off to sleep for the duration."

Please turn to page 14







## Never Beyond this Shore

Here at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go. Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to the Middle East... to New Guinea; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the shore, here with my son.

And if I become discontented with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fireside and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us, Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

Make no little plans, you who build the dream castles at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for the world of to-morrow will be resplendent in things you don't know — never even imagined. Allow for a home equipped with Electric Servants to wash, cook, clean, sweep—to keep warm and to cool. Allow for time to live and be happy in a brave new world. When you are dreaming of your better to-morrow count on HOTPOINT.

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# Mrs. H. V. EVATT—ambassador of friendliness

American women loved to hear her news from down under

By ALICE JACKSON

A few hours after leaving the plane in which she travelled from America Mrs. H. V. Evatt had all the threads of her household in her hands.

A few hours more and she had prepared meals, welcomed numerous friends, answered countless telephone calls, delivered a broadcast address and prepared plans for actively assisting in her husband's election campaign.

**Q**UICK work, but she showed no sign of strain or haste.

Thanks to rare gifts of serenity and efficiency, she remains tranquil, and appears leisurely in the midst of any amount of haste and confusion.

As I talked to her I found it easy to understand the warm welcome accorded her, and the many tributes of praise paid her in the American newspapers. Her winning, friendly personality captured all the notable woman journalists who interviewed her.

Their millions of readers were told that Mrs. Evatt, American-born but Australian-bred (she was still a baby when she left her birthplace in Iowa), was a gifted artist, good-looking, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, with a broad, clever forehead, and a wholehearted desire to strengthen the natural ties between American and Australian women.

They were obviously impressed by the fact that she is the first woman to be made a trustee of the National Art Gallery of N.S.W.

Leading men journalists, reeling slightly from the impact of the forthright eloquence and dynamic drive of her husband, described Mrs. Evatt as "the softer background of this brilliant Australian statesman."

Part of her time was, unfortunately, spent in hospital, but, to the limit of her strength, she gave unsparingly and happily of herself in meeting people, addressing women's clubs and other gatherings, in broadcasts and informal talks.

She answered countless questions from women eager to hear of the smallest details of life in the country "down under" which now holds so many of their nearest and dearest.

What did American women ask about Australia?

"All kinds of things," Mrs. Evatt said. "About our climate, the food situation, clothes rationing, the morale of our troops and their fighting spirit; how we like their men; what people talk about—all the intimate questions that help people piece together a friendly picture, and smooth away misunderstandings."

"I was always impressed by the deep sincerity and genuine desire of women to get to know us really well."

"One question that amused me was 'What is the difference between an Australian stockman and a Texas ranger?'"

"I told them I didn't think there would be any difference, except perhaps the Australian would wear a different hat. Then I had to go on to tell about the berets worn by our armored divisions, and the special-purpose hats."

## U.S. influence

"WHEN they asked about our war effort I told them that if the American Army were as large in proportion to the population as that of Australia, they would have 14,000,000 men under arms; that 68 per cent. of our population, including men and women between the ages of 14 and 65, are either in the armed forces or engaged in producing munitions."

Could the American influence be noticed in our everyday life? was another question Mrs. Evatt was asked.

"I told them that waffles and doughnuts and American salads and coffee had been firmly established in favor before the war, and Australian women had much the same ideas on fashions as Americans; that plenty of lively 'Americana' are salting our every-day speech

now; that baseball is getting popular with many of our boys, and we are looking forward after the war to international matches."

"About fashions," Mrs. Evatt commented, "I could not help remarking how smartly the women dress. All uniforms are so well cut that women in industry look as trim and attractive as women in any of the Services."

"It was a stimulating experience to meet so many interesting women—among them Mrs. Roosevelt and Madame Chiang Kai-shek."

"Mrs. Roosevelt is most anxious to come to Australia. We had a long talk, and it was clear that she has made a special study of conditions here. She wanted to hear all I would tell her about the American Service men and women here."

"Madame Chiang Kai-shek was extremely interested in Australia, too, and planned to visit us here after the war. She said the fact that her husband's closest adviser, Mr. W. H. Donald, is an Australian has always given her and her husband a friendly feeling towards all Australians."

## Staunch adviser

"MADAME showed the highest regard for Mr. Donald, and said that many times his tireless energy and great wisdom had been of vital assistance to them in a crisis."

"Mr. Donald would never hear of us turning back even on the smallest points," she said. "I remember when I had a car accident on my way to meet my husband at a critical time. As soon as I picked myself up Mr. Donald said we must go on at once, but I objected."

"I said I was in a good deal of pain, and thought I had broken some ribs. 'Never mind,' said Mr. Donald, 'we must go on'—and we went on."

"Madame is a beautiful woman, I think the word that describes her best is exquisite."

"The old-ivory tint of her complexion and her deep dark eyes found a perfect setting in the artistic adaptation of her national costume, which she was wearing when we met."

Other notable women Mrs. Evatt met included Mrs. Ovea Culp Hobby, director of W.A.C., who holds



AT HOME. Dr. and Mrs. Evatt photographed soon after their arrival. Dr. Evatt led an important Government mission to America and England.

the rank of colonel; Lieut.-Commander McAfee, head of the "Waves"; Miss Rigby, who had the title of Commandant of Seamen; Lieut. Helen Jacobs, whom she had last seen at a Wimbledon international tennis match; and Lieut. Reynard, also a "Wave," and a former Don of Columbia University. "I also met representatives of the

"Spars," whose duties are similar to those of the "Waves"; Army and Navy nurses, the American Women's Voluntary Services, Red Cross, U.S.O. (United Service Organisation), Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army, National Catholic Service, Jewish Welfare Board, National Travellers' Aid, Housewives, and many others actively engaged in the war effort."

"I have a tremendous admiration for the wholehearted way they are coping with their various war problems."

"They are planning every detail on their home front, where food rationing is much more severe than here."

"The total weekly allowance of meat for two adults and one child is five pounds; butter, coffee, cheese, fats, and all tinned food are rationed, so it takes skilful planning to serve attractive, nourishing meals."

"Housewife or worker, the American woman is becoming increasingly interested in national and international affairs. But I don't agree with people who say she is more public-spirited than the Australian woman."

## Co-operation

"WE are much alike, with the same ideals in most things. The American woman is usually a member of a woman's club, and she has leisure to devote to public service because domestic labor-saving aids and food packaging reduce routine household work to a minimum."

"It will be grand to have American and Australian women co-operating in planning a post-war world, using hands and heads to help husbands, sons, and daughters back to a worthwhile way of living."

Mrs. Evatt did no shopping in America.

One treasured memento brought back by Dr. Evatt was the scroll conferring on him the Freedom of the City of Leeds, "in recognition and high appreciation of the conscientious services rendered by this most distinguished statesman to the British Empire."

This honor has been conferred on only one other person born outside Britain, the late Marshal Foch.



MRS. EVATT WITH HER DOGS. Don and MacGregor, the Airedale and Scottie, were glad to have their master and mistress back again.



# Editorial

AUGUST 21, 1943

## NEWS OF A.I.F. PRISONERS

NEWS of 14,000 letters coming from Australian prisoners in Japanese hands brought joy to thousands of women who have been waiting long and anxiously for word from their men.

Since that black day in February, 1942, when Singapore fell, little news has come concerning the gallant Australians who fought so bravely during the heart-breaking campaign in Malaya.

A batch of "prisoners' cards" with the words "I am a prisoner of war" printed on them, and with a signature below, arrived for some relatives. A few letters came through unknown channels.

But the big mail recently announced by the Postmaster-General is the first direct personal news from their men for most of the waiting women.

Many are still in an agony of uncertainty about the fate of their sons or husbands who are still posted missing because Japanese lists so far received have not included their names.

Probably, when the full 14,000 letters have been delivered, some of these women will have learnt that their soldiers, too, are safe and well.

All Australia has sympathised with the relatives of the A.I.F. contingents in Malaya in their long vigil.

The many months that went by before even incomplete lists of names were made available, and the further delay before letters could be sent either way, made a black mark on the already murky record of Japan at war.

The unnecessary suffering so caused has sharpened the edge of Australian feeling against her Pacific enemy.

—THE EDITOR.

## Bomber's perilous landing



THREE R.A.F. corporals, Jim Ayers, Dick Grant, and Jack Madigan, visit the Sphinx. Photo sent by Cpl. Ayers' wife, Wagga, N.S.W.

A Lancaster bomber, damaged by a night fighter, made a perfect landing on its home aerodrome with a full load of bombs.

The story is told by Sgt. D. Rowe, a member of the same squadron. Two months ago, Sgt. Rowe told the story of his own adventures in another Lancaster, which was blown upside down by bomb blast and fell 7000 feet over Cologne.

He has been "grounded" because of his injuries.

"THE old squadron is in the news again," he writes to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Rowe, of Canterbury, N.S.W.

"One of our Lancasters was damaged by a night fighter, and the crew found they could not get the bomb-doors open, although they tried everything, even to trying to chop them open.

"The whole works had been damaged, so they headed home, one motor dead, full of holes, and a full bomb load still aboard, including a 4000-pounder.

"When they arrived back here they couldn't get the wheels down because the hydraulics had been shot up, too.

"Finally they got them down by using coffee out of their thermos flasks in the hydraulic system.

"One tyre was riddled, and it looked as though there was going to be a big bang.

"There wasn't. It was the nicest piece of work I have seen for a long time.

"They stood off the runway about two miles, and came in low and fast on their three remaining motors, just clearing hedges, and frightening the living daylights out of an old yokel driving a horse and van up the road which borders the drome.

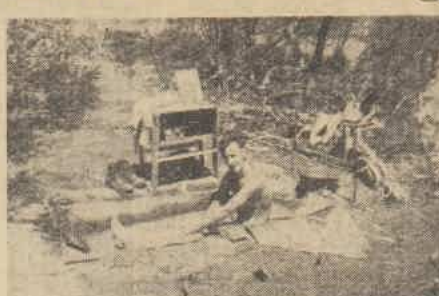
"I hate to think what he would have done had he been able to see what was in the bomb bays.

"As they came over our boundary they cut one motor at a time, and the old Lanc skipped along on the one good wheel.

"We were all holding our breath for the slightest bump, and cursing for them and the drome, too, and possibly for a few villages as well.

"Well, it was a work of art. She had almost stopped rolling when she settled on to the bad wheel like a tired old duck, and stayed put.

"That took tons of guts. They



OPEN-AIR BATH in an army ground sheet for Driver A. R. Frampton, somewhere in Australia. Photo sent by Mr. N. K. Talmage, E. Coburg, Victoria.



SAWING WOOD to keep warm during their stay in Russia. Corporal Ronald O'Brien and his friend, Bob. Photo sent by Mrs. B. O'Brien, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 5/- is paid.

could all have baled out and let her go.

"And so, as a newspaper here put it, 'the bomber and her red load touched down.'"

Trooper Ken Knights, Stalag XVIII, Germany, to his wife at Strathalbyn, S.A.:

"I TRY to imagine in my mind how my two cherubs (his wife and son) are passing their time away whilst Pop is cooling his heels in a very mountainous and beautiful part of Europe.

"Time may drag for you, and what is gone can never be recalled, but whatever time is left to us three will be a period of perfect understanding, of happiness no words can express."

Pte. S. Young, XVIIIIB, to a friend in Lismore, N.S.W.:

"WE'VE been shifted from our old job and are now all working for small farmers, which is much better.

"I'm with an old couple. They have a small place, and there's not a great deal of work to do.

"The old lady makes her own wine and cider and, believe me, it's not bad. We live on the farms all

day and come back to our own barracks to sleep.

"My boss is not a bad old stick. He spent four years in America some time back, and almost every night we sit talking.

"I had nearly half a fowl for dinner to-day; it was just like being at home again.

"I received a parcel from home last Sunday. It took eight months coming, and I was very surprised when it turned up.

"I had a different job for a day last week. The old coach-driver was ill, so I took his place.

"I looked rather well sitting up in front driving the two ponies, with the manager's wife in the back, off to the village to do the shopping.

"There are sixteen of us out here now. Six more arrived the other day. They brought a pack of cards and we've hardly stopped playing since they came."

A.c. J. L. Ellis to his sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Ellis, Cambridge St., Coorparoo, Qld.:

"I CAN think of lots of places where I am not, but I can't say definitely where I am.

"It's one of those colonies that have sprung up since Japan entered the war. You might suspect we're around somewhere, but never find us.

"In fact, it worries me at times. I wonder if we haven't camouflaged ourselves away.

"You feel as isolated as Robinson Crusoe. Your whole life is confined within the boundaries of the station—very noisy, of course.

"You can hear the blades of grass clashing in the wind, and the ants crunching on the stones underfoot, and the hollow cough of the cricket thundering through the trees."

## Interesting People



**MAJOR PEG SIDLINGTON**  
... assistant controller A.W.A.S.  
**YOUNGEST** assistant controller in A.W.A.S. is twenty-six-year-old Major Peg Sidlington, of Melbourne, just appointed to Queensland Lines of Communication Area. Joined service at its inception. Was transport driver before she gained her commission. For twelve months has been area commandant. Was Peg Harrison Owen before recent marriage to Sergeant K. Sidlington, A.I.F.



**LT.-COMMANDER J. WHITAKER**  
... honor for Australian

**JUST** appointed anti-submarine officer on staff of Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches, England, Acting-Lieut.-Commander J. Whitaker, R.A.N.V.R., of Sydney, holds one of most important posts given to an R.A.N.V.R. officer serving in Britain. Former Sydney engineer, he joined navy in 1939. Trained at Rushcutters Bay anti-submarine school, Sydney. Has been two and a half years overseas.



**MRS. S. MONKS**

... herbs auxiliary

**FIFTY-TWO** million meals for men of Australian Forces, Royal Navy, U.S. Army and Navy have been seasoned with herbs provided by Australian Fighting Forces Herbs Auxiliary. "Our herbs have supplied vitamins so necessary to men doing arduous work in trying climates," says founder and president, Mrs. S. Monks, of Melbourne. Five hundred workers prepare the herbs.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep





MISS PAT THORNTON, new announcer on the 2GB Women's Session.

## Conducts Women's Session

Miss Pat Thornton, new announcer in the 2GB Women's Session, has taken the place of Judith Young (Mrs. Reg Johnston), who has left radio for a time to take up home duties.

MISS THORNTON is widely travelled and has had a varied career. She has studied art in Australia and abroad, has written travel articles for English newspapers, and has a collection of recipes from all over the world.

In France and Switzerland she lived with peasant families and learned a great deal about continental cooking.

"Women in Switzerland," she said, "were amazed that meat could be cooked in water instead of wine."

She spent three years studying art in England and Europe, and was in Italy when war broke out.

### Cooking and painting

SHE had travelled from Australia via New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Tahiti, and the Panama Canal.

After a year in London she went to Ireland, crossed to Scotland, and later made a walking tour of the Lake Country before returning to London.

Her interest in cooking enabled her to combine two talents some years ago, when she took a position as a cook at Thursday Island, and painted in her leisure time.

Until recently Miss Thornton was announcer for the women's sessions on 2HR, Hunter River. She has had considerable experience on other stations in New South Wales and Queensland, both as announcer and writer for women's and children's sessions.

With such a full and interesting background, Miss Thornton should be a valuable addition to the 2GB announcing staff, and her keen interest in cooking should ensure her popularity as announcer for the Women's Session.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 18: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 19 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favor."

FRIDAY, August 20: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, August 21: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Parlor."

SUNDAY, August 22 (4.15 to 5.15): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 23: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 24: Musical Alphabet.

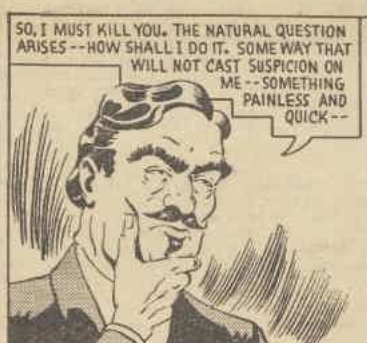
# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Magician, and LOTHAR: His Nubian servant, are helping PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, accused of stealing money at a charity bazaar, also Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft. Mandrake is sure that the thief is his ex-assistant, Grando, who hypnotised them and took the money. He is now trying to prove Grando's guilt before the trial.

Grando knows that Narda and Teller Smith are the only ones who can identify him, so he determines to kill them.

He hypnotises Narda and takes her to his house. He tells her he is going to Teller Smith's house. On arrival there Teller Smith's son, Danny, takes an instant dislike to Grando, and begs his father to send him away. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



# Home-style cooking in the Army



MEN of an armored unit line up for lunch.

**Troops in training kept fighting fit on carefully planned diet**

**By ALICE JACKSON**

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who recently completed a tour of operational areas

Lunch parade . . . In two long lines the soldiers file past the benches from which food is served. Each man holds two long-handled, freshly scalded food containers.

In five minutes the whole 300 are served. Each helps himself to slices of buttered bread and carries his piping hot meal to a nearby mess hut.

**R**OOFED and with thatched sides, each hut has sufficient benches and tables to seat the men allotted to it. A battery set radio supplies music.

On at least one day weekly a music unit from the Salvation Army or Y.M.C.A. provides a lunch-hour programme.

The food is appetising. Very likely it is roast beef done to a turn, smooth brown gravy, jacket-baked potatoes, and steamed cabbage.

The Army ideal is to serve to the soldier correctly cooked food in as near home-style cooking as possible.

Principles on which menus are based were laid down by Lieut.-Col. Sir Stanton Hicks, Director of Army Catering.

Steam cookers preserve the vitamin content of vegetables. Field peas are soaked and have begun to sprout before being cooked.

Potatoes are scrubbed, not peeled; bread is 20 per cent. wholemeal.

Five days a week the meat and vegetables are fresh. On the remaining two "Austerity" days meals are prepared from canned meat and vegetables.

There is no "hit or miss" cooking. Cooks are all trained.

In this long tour of field camps, I have been an unexpected visitor at many meal parades.

I did not see one instance of badly cooked foods.

Scones, sausage-rolls, soups, meats, vegetables, pastries, jellies, custard and other desserts were all beautifully cooked.

The Army daily ration includes bread, flour, rice or oatmeal, meat,

**LUNCH IN THE FIELD.** Among the boys here are Drivers Bruce Della, Tim Harrison, Don Truelove, Phil O'Neil, Ted Foster, Bert Thompson, Johnnie Gardiner. These pictures and those on the opposite page are by War Photographer Jack Hickson.

bacon, cheese, dried peas, and fresh vegetables, potatoes, onions, jam, butter, dried fruits, tea, coffee or cocoa, milk and sugar, and a cash allowance of 11d. per man for perishable foods such as fresh fruit.

On the tour I met many Army cooks who were skilled cooks before they enlisted. Others had been trained since enlistment.

In charge of the cooking for one lot of 230 men was Corporal J. Dickson, Bexley, who used to have a "smallgoods business in the Hotel Sydney Building, Pitt Street. His four assistants were trainee cooks.

In charge of cooking for 137 men was Sergeant D. K. Sri, Bega, formerly a farmer. Wiles steam-cookers and Fowler Stores were used throughout these units.

At another field cookhouse we met the sergeant-cook, P. J. Morrisey, from Crenmore Junction, N.S.W. A pastrycook by profession, he doesn't find it any trouble to take responsibility for meals for several hundred.

The midday meal was being served as we arrived—excellently cooked roast mutton, potatoes, mashed turnips, bread and butter. Assisting him was Pte. F. J. Klein, Kingsford, N.S.W., who was also a cook in civil life.

At a field ambulance unit, Corporal D. Donohue, of Auburn, who had been trained at Liverpool, was in charge of the kitchen, assisted by Private Keith Daniel, of Manilla, N.S.W., and a little further on, Private Victor (Curly) Hart, of West Maitland, was making scones.

When units are on extended field operations, which often keep them away from the established camps for



THIS MEMBER of a tank transporter unit has ensured a special Sunday dinner for the boys by the purchase of a couple of turkeys from a neighboring farmer.



FIELD LARDER. Pte. Jack Penrose, of a tank transporter company, at his storeroom in the field. In the background are Jack Molyneux, Eric Dillon, Jack Monti, and Tom Eaves.

## A typical day's menu:

- REVEILLE**  
Coffee and biscuits.
- BREAKFAST**  
Fresh fruit.  
Rolled oats and fresh milk.  
Meat and vegetable stew.  
Assorted jams.  
Tea.
- MIDDAY MEAL**  
Potato pie, peas, root vegetable.  
Creamed rice.  
Bread and butter.  
Cheese.  
Tea.
- EVENING MEAL**  
Soup.  
Roast joint, baked potatoes.  
Fresh vegetables.  
Steamed pudding.  
Jam sauce.  
Bread and butter.  
Tea.
- SUPPER**  
Coffee and biscuits.



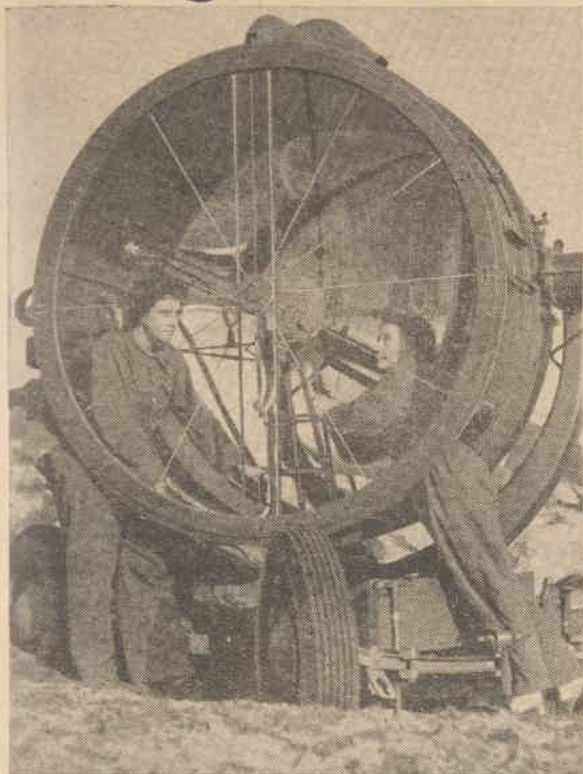
FIELD BAKERY. Privates R. H. Newburn, a former baker, from Stockingdale, and J. T. Burgess turning out loaves for the boys.



FIELD COOKS with the Ninth Division somewhere in the South-West Pacific receive instructions from W/O. J. G. Seymour-Mortimer, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., in this picture from the Department of Information. They use a pack oven made of 44-gallon drums, which provides for 500 troops each meal.



# Young Awas on duty in West Australia



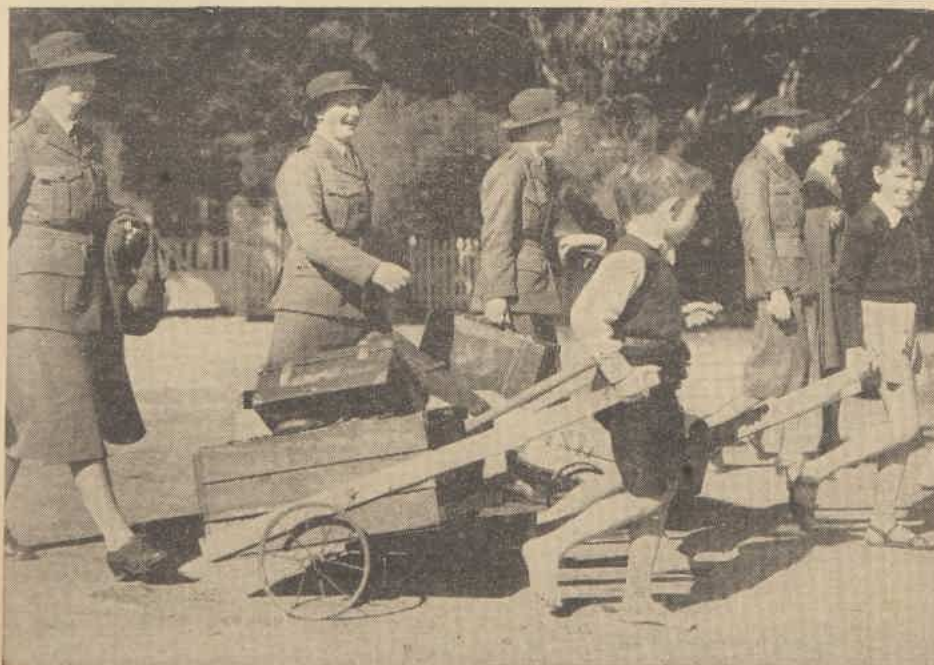
**SEARCHLIGHT UNIT.** Gunner May Donegan (left) and Gunner Elsie Balmer on the job with their searchlight in W.A.



**STAND DOWN.** A wet day's work done, Awas attached to an ack-ack battery double up in the direction of the mess hut.



**AIRCRAFT SPOTTER.** Gunner Florence McGuckin, of A.W.A.S., searches the evening sky for planes.



**A.W.A.S. TAXI SERVICE.** Schoolboys rank up for custom on Saturdays outside training depot. They carry week-end leave luggage in their billy-carts to the station. Payment is by gratuities only.



**IDENTIFYING PLANES.** Gunner Thelma McLaughlan will be able to identify 500 types when fully trained.



# Continuing . . . Lady In Hazard

from page 7

"Well, what are we going to do?" demanded Daph. "Just drive round and round till the car falls to pieces?"

"That's all right," said her husband, soothingly. "Bill and me have got it all muddled out. The old chap said there's a nice little spot down on the coast about ten miles away. Rocket Point, they call it. Plenty of fish and oysters, if nothing else."

Mention of oysters roused Daph's drooping spirits. It appeared she was so addicted to them she could eat a couple of dozen straight off.

"Let's go, then," said the sergeant, briskly. "We could wrap ourselves round a feed before lunch."

"I knew a chap once ate ten dozen oysters right off," said Daph, voluptuously. "At Narooma. Before the war. Oh, boy!"

The old car roared its way out of sight. Silence fell on Merringbah.

"I'm sorry to see them go," said Sheila. "I liked them."

"You could go round the world with them and they wouldn't let you down," answered Cunningham. "Well, I asked about your sister in the pub. She hasn't been there. There are only two people staying at present, and they're permanent."

Sheila tried, not very successfully, to hide her disappointment. "Well, I didn't really expect to find her here. I suppose there's nowhere else we could try?"

"I asked about that, too," said Cunningham. "There's a guest-house along the road a bit. We might as well stroll down there. You never know."

But they drew another blank, for the only boarders here were a couple of women teachers and a clerk from the only bank. Nobody, it appeared, stayed in Merringbah during the winter if they had any choice.

Sheila and Cunningham walked back to the township.

"I wonder if it would be any use trying the post office," said Sheila thoughtfully. "I don't suppose there are many strangers sending telegrams from here. Margaret

might have mentioned where she was going, or let drop some clue."

Privately, Cunningham thought it was a forlorn hope. It was becoming sufficiently obvious to him that the last thing Margaret Heydon wanted was to have her movements followed up. Probably it was just as well they had not run into her. If this excursion had produced any results, he thought cynically, she would not thank him for having persuaded Sheila into it.

The Merringbah post office occupied one corner of a green-grocer's shop, which combined the sale of stationery and newspapers with the retailing of vegetables. The official status of the place was defined by a few military registration and income tax posters, and a warning against sending money out of the country. On the counter lay a handbell. This, vigorously rung, resulted in a pleasant, motherly-looking woman bobbing out from a room at the back.

Cunningham fell to studying a notice calling upon all aliens to register, while Sheila questioned the postmistress. He was interested to notice how good a job she made of it. More interesting still was the fact that the postmistress remembered Margaret Heydon perfectly, though she was inclined to official reticence.

"It's all right," Sheila assured her. "I'm the sister she sent the telegram to. The trouble is, she didn't say where she was going or staying or anything, and I've lost track of her. I was wondering if she mentioned anything to you about it. If she did, I'd be very glad if you'd tell me, because I've come all the way from Melbourne to meet her."

"All the way from Melbourne?" echoed the postmistress in astonishment.

"So you can understand how anxious I am not to miss her. I thought she might be staying somewhere in Merringbah. But she's not at the hotel or boarding-house. I

can't make out why she didn't tell me more in her wire."

"Well, I'm pretty certain she's not staying with anyone in the township, miss. Everyone knows when she's a stranger in Merringbah. If she'd been here since Saturday I'd have heard, I'm sure. She might be with some of the district people, or down at Rocket Point. I'd ask Mr. Lewis, but he's down at the Point working on the new jetty."

With the typical small-town combination of curiosity and sympathy, the good Mrs. Lewis had become almost as interested in the movements of Margaret Heydon as though the girl were a relative.

Interrupted only by a boy who came in to buy apples, she started to canvass the possibility of Margaret stopping at some district farm, with such infinity of detail that Cunningham feared she was about to take a fruitless census of the entire countryside. He judged it wise to interpose.

"If Miss Heydon comes this way again you might tell her her sister was inquiring for her. I suppose you'd know her again."

Mrs. Lewis had no doubt of that.

"I've a good memory for faces, and you don't see many fresh ones round about here now. I remember thinking how pretty and smart she looked, and what a beautiful coat she was wearing. She had on a diamond brooch, too, like a horse with wings. I thought at the time what a lot it must have cost." She studied Sheila attentively. "She's a bit taller than you and a bit fairer, and a fine color."

"We're not much alike," said Sheila. "Only a family resemblance. You'd notice it, perhaps, if we were together."

"The point is," interposed Cunningham, rather tersely, "that you'd know her if she happened to come in, and that she didn't mention where she was going or staying."

"Not a word. She scarcely said anything, really, except how cold it was, and to sort of apologise for her bad writing on account of not taking off her woolly gloves. But she seemed very pleasant and jolly. I didn't see the gentleman she was with at all. He stayed out in the car all the time."

"The gentleman?" echoed Sheila blankly.

Mrs. Lewis' face changed. Her mouth lightened. Cunningham read in her change of expression the sudden hostility of a woman who fears she has been trapped into some admission which may get her mixed up in "some funny business."

"We thought her fiancé might be driving her down," he put in easily, "but we weren't sure."

But the postmistress was not reassured. "Well, I didn't see him. It was dusk, and he stayed in the car. All I know he was in a tearing hurry, because he blew the horn before she'd finished writing the telegram, and then called out to her to hurry up. A bit too impatient for me, I thought."

Mrs. Lewis started packing together a pile of old illustrated papers on the counter. It was obvious that she was anxious to terminate an interview that threatened to become inconvenient or embarrassing at any moment.

Cunningham's hand sought Sheila's and gripped it tightly.

"But," the woman added, a little viciously, "I suppose you have to expect that sort of thing from a foreigner."

"Some of them are impetuous," agreed Cunningham, crushing Sheila's fingers between his own. "But you're mistaken there. Miss Heydon's fiancé is an Australian."

"Maybe. You should know. But he spoke to her in some outlandish language and she answered him. Then he started the car, and she got in, and they drove off. I made sure he was one of them refugees."

"Which way did they go?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say," said Mrs. Lewis, curtly. "If I was you, and had anyone belonging to me missing, I'd ask at the police station."

Outside the store the vicar stood outlining the world affairs of the week to a lady in a check mackintosh. A group of children dawdled noisily along on their way home to lunch.

Sheila and Cunningham walked towards the river. He thought he had never seen anyone so completely crushed. Her gaze was frightening in its vacancy, as though she had

suddenly gone blind. They hesitated at the bridge, and then the girl, walking like an automaton, turned aside to follow a path along the wattle-fringed bank of the river.

The water was dark and cold and sluggish under that dark sky. A fish-hawk glided soundlessly from the top of a naked poplar.

Cunningham guessed what she was thinking. Better let her say the first word, he thought. I can't intrude here. He looked straight ahead, watching the endless aerobatics of the hawk, and remembering other hawks, man-made, zooming through other skies.

At last she said slowly: "It could have been anyone. Margaret must know so many people."

He nodded. But how many, he wondered, that she'd do this for? How many for whom she'd break an arrangement with an only sister who had come so far, and go off with no more than a curt telegram?

"It could have been the husband of some friend on the land—"

"Of course, it could," he agreed, gravely.

"You don't believe that, do you?" "I'm in no position to discuss it. You see, I don't know your sister or her friends. You must be hungry. So am I. Let's see what we can dig up."

"I couldn't eat anything."

"You might alter your mind after a sherry."

"It's terribly good of you to worry," she said gratefully. "I'm sorry I dragged you into this. But I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't been here."

"Only for me, you wouldn't have had this trouble. I brought you on this silly trip. I wish I hadn't thought of it. It's got you nowhere. You'd have been better off at Red Shuttles than walking about this infernal hole."

"The diamond Pegasus father gave her. Fancy that woman noticing it!"

"She didn't miss much," said Cunningham, grimly. "Eyes like a gimlet. But she's got a wholesome fear of being tangled up with something fishy. She probably mistook me for a detective. Fortunately, her ideas wouldn't rise much above a divorce case."

"There are plenty of refugees in the country. There may be some in this district."

"Naturally," returned Cunningham, quietly.

"But what ordinary refugee friend could turn her off her track like this? Since I got that telegram I've known there was something crazy about it, only I wouldn't admit it. The most casual person would hardly break into a short holiday like this unless they had some very urgent reason. She must be mad! Oh, Ken, what will happen to her?"

"The service car,"

a dusty juggernaut dragging a trailer on which was mounted a vast gas-producer, pulled in before the post office at half-past two and disembarked a couple of passengers. Among those remaining was one bound, as Mrs. Shasters had mentioned, for Red Shuttles.

Hearing that Sheila and Cunningham were also going there, he introduced himself as Richard Halburn.

Halburn was a swarthy-complexioned man in the late thirties. His precise attire and alert manner suggested the senior military officer in mufti. He told them that he had managed to get away from Sydney to put in a few days' fishing at Rocket Point, but the fish were not biting, and boats and boatmen hard to come by, so he had decided to stop a day or two at Red Shuttles before returning to town.

By the time the car pulled up in the roadway outside the gates of Red Shuttles the wind was getting up, and a light rain falling. Sheila and Cunningham walked through the gates ahead of Halburn, who had a heavy suitcase to extricate from the luggage-carrier.

In that dreary light the house looked a haven of refuge in a world of desolation. To Sheila it seemed that years, rather than hours, had elapsed since she last saw the place. She had left it restless and worried; she returned in the remorseless grip of an anxiety too profound for words.

What would be the outcome of all this? From any angle the situation was obscure. It could only have been by accident that Mar-

## Animal Antics



"Going my way?"

garet had encountered von Graupner on her way from Sydney. Assuming that, because of the attraction he had once held for her, she had been unwilling to betray him, what madness had impelled her to assist the man? What hold had he on her to be able to persuade her to a course which could only end in total, irreparable disaster?

Some hold, truly. Sheila tried to tell herself Margaret would never have done it of her own volition. But against that was the evidence of the woman in the post office at Merringbah. The young lady had been cheerful and pleasant. The man had seemed impatient. Impatient! No wonder!

Reckless though he might be, von Graupner would scarcely like to be kept waiting in a car in the street, even the solitary street of Merringbah, where anyone who passed might recognise him. Impatient, indeed, he must have been, or he would never have committed the folly of using his own language.

Walking down the driveway, Sheila felt she would have given ten years of her life to have had Margaret at her side.

Fielding lumbered up out of the dusk, a pair of clippers in his hand, his red, good-humored face wet with rain.

"I was just trying to get in a bit of hedge-clipping before dark," he announced, snipping at a near-by bush, "but the rain's beaten me. Everything's going to pieces around here, but I suppose it can't be helped. You people have a good day?"

"Quite," said Cunningham, briefly.

"You just got back in time. It's going to be a dirty night. Where did you get to, Mr. Cunningham? We got a bit worried when you didn't turn up to lunch."

"We've been to Merringbah," said Sheila.

"Merringbah!" Fielding opened his eyes widely. "That's a long way. I saw you get out of the car, but I thought it must have picked you up just along the road. To tell you the truth, I thought you might have gone for a long walk and got bushed. I got a bit worried. I don't mind saying."

"No need to worry," said Cunningham, casually.

"I don't suppose there was, really, but we always like to be told when people don't intend to come back for lunch. It saves a lot of trouble."

"Didn't think of it," replied Cunningham, unconcernedly. "We had the chance of a ride in, and I wanted to do some shopping. Incidentally, there's a new arrival."

He nodded towards Halburn, a few paces to the rear. Fielding, obviously disconcerted, tossed down the shears and went on.

"Come on," said Cunningham, taking Sheila's arm. "We've got rid of him, anyway. Let's get inside, or we'll get wet."

"You could have been nicer to him. I suppose we wouldn't be back."

"Too much on our minds to bother about him. A man as well fed as he is wouldn't be put out of his stride. He irritates me. And here's another of them."

The doorway framed the angular form of Mrs. Shasters. At sight of them her face temporarily lost its expression of vague bewilderment, and registered relief.

Please turn to page 20

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a propitious week for many people, especially those born under the signs of Aries, Gemini, Leo, and Sagittarius.

These people should seek progress and gainful changes. Especially propitious are August 19, 20, and 22, and there are very good moments on August 18, 23, and 24.

August 17 and 21 are likely to be adverse, especially for Taurians, Scorpions, and Aquarians, all of whom should live quietly and avoid change.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Plan well, work diligently; seek desired goals, ask favors, make changes, and otherwise attack destiny with optimism on August 18 (round midnight), August 19 (from dawn to past midnight), and August 20 (dawn to sunset). August 22 is very helpful, too. August 23 (sunrise and dusk hours) fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Be guarded, as pitfalls abound. Opposition, undesired changes, delays, and discord likely, especially on August 17, 21 (worst), 23, and parts of August 23 and 24. Live quietly.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Opportunities possible, so work hard on August 19 (dawn to past midnight), August 20 (to sunset), August 23 (sunrise and dusk hours), and August 24 (before 8 a.m.). After August 24 (noon) live quietly for some weeks.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): August 18 (noon to sunset) fair; August 22 (sunrise to dusk) very fair. But avoid over-confidence.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): A good week for Leonians who grasp opportunities. Plan well and keep busy seeking advancement, favors, and changes. August 18 (best), from zero hour to past midnight; August 20 good from zero to sunset, then fair; August 23 (sunrise and early evening hours) good, balance poor. August 24 good to 8 a.m., early evening poor; August 21 adverse; August 22 poor.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): August 22 (zero to sunset) pleasing, but August 17, 18, 23, and 24 (evening hours) poor.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): August 22 (morning) mildly helpful; August 23 (sunrise and dusk hours) and August 24 (to 8 a.m.) fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Be wary all this week; difficulties, worries, and reversals can prevail, especially on August 17 and 21 (worst). Parts of August 18, 22, 23, and 24 can produce troubles, too.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): Seek desired goals with confidence on August 19 (excellent from zero hour to past midnight) and August 20 (excellent to sunset, then very fair). August 22 (morning) is helpful, but on August 17, 18, 23, and 24 be cautious.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): August 22 (morning and dusk hours) can be somewhat helpful, but avoid too much confidence for rest of week.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): A week for caution, patience, and quiet living. Avoid partings, losses, opposition, disappointments, and discord, especially on August 17, 21 (worst), 22, and parts of August 23 and 24.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): August 17 (near sunrise and midnight), August 18 (morning and evening), August 23 and 24 (especially after dusk), poor. Use August 18 (afternoon) or August 22 for completing outstanding matters; thereafter take things quietly for some weeks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

# Fashion PATTERNS

• Featuring smart, practical designs for spring wear, also adorable trousseau nightgown



F6387.—Chic frock for day; panelled front, plain back. Note cute bows on shoulder. Sizes, 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., and 1½ yds. contrast, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2202.—Stunning little floral. Note soft fullness of skirt front. Sizes, 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2109.—Princess style coat for girls, 2 to 8 years. Note the cute pockets. Requires 1½ yds., 54 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### WELL-CUT SLIP

This is a ready-to-make. The pattern is traced on rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel tones of pink and blue, or on a lingerie floral silk in pink tones. Note uplift brassiere top, slim, well-fitting skirt, and narrow shoulder-straps.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, price 19/11 and 2 coupons. Sizes 36 and 38-inch bust, 22/6 and 2 coupons, plus postage, 4½d. When ordering please ask for No. 385.

385



384

### CHUBBY CHARM

Traced on rayon crepe-de-chine, in shades of pastel pink and blue, this sweet little garment is all stamped ready to cut out and make.

It has a shoulder fastening, round scalloped neckline and armhole, and a dainty embroidery motif is traced on the front for working. Size, infants to 12 months, 5/6 (2 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 1/11 (2 coupons). Plus 3½d. postage. Ask for No. 384.



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "AGNES" ATTRACTIVE FROCK IN SUEDELAINE CREPE

A delightfully finished material, in becoming tones of subdued pink, moonlight-grey, gold-dust, heaven-blue, and mid-green, go to fashion "Agnes." It is a mid-weight cloth, and most suitable for early spring and summer wearing.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 37/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38 and 40-inch bust, 29/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34-inch bust, 42/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 48/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½. When ordering, please state clearly measurements of bust, waist, hips, and full length.

How to obtain "AGNES": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3400 R.R.C. G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given right.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamp and postal notes. \* State size required. \* Put children's state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F2109

F6042.—Trousseau style nightgown. Size, 32 to 36 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide, 1½ yds., 54 ins. wide lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F6042

## Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

SMART JERKINS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

Sizes 22, 24, and 36-inch bust.  
No. 1.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide.  
No. 2.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide.  
No. 3.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

## Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 38A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4099, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
SUBURB.....  
TOWN.....  
STATE.....  
ZIP..... Pattern Coupon, 22/8/43.







LEAVING ST. MARY'S. Lieutenant Arthur Carmichael and his bride, Signalmans Hazel Wakefield, A.W.A.S., leave St. Mary's after their wedding.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Driver Kevin Giffney, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Patricia Higgins, leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay.



SOVIET DIPLOMAT. Mr. Gregory Paschinko, Second Secretary of the Soviet Legation in Canberra, photographed on his arrival with his wife, Raisa Paschinko, and their daughter Galina.



NAVAL GUARD OF HONOR for Engineer-Lieutenant D. Callen, of Newcastle, and his bride, Maureen Lucas, when they are married at St. Ignatius, Norwood, S.A.

## On and Off DUTY.

**BUSY times at the moment for violinist Thomas Matthews and his titian-haired wife, pianist Jessie Ralph, who are in midst of Australia-wide concert tour for Red Cross.**

Red Cross Special Appeals Auxiliary, under president, Lady Gordon, are busying themselves with plans for two Sydney concerts at the Conservatorium this Saturday and next.

Talented pair will play in all State capitals, and will finish their tour in November with three Sydney concerts.

**MR. AND MRS. G. E. CHAPPELL**, of Kingsford, delighted with news of arrival of new grandson, Geoffrey Robert, born recently in Brisbane.

Baby's parents are Lieutenant R. G. Chappell, A.I.F. (ret.), and Mrs. Chappell, formerly Colleen Pfingst, of Warwick, Queensland.

While Lieut. Chappell is stationed in northern battle area Mrs. Chappell and the baby will make their home in Sydney, and will arrive here early in September.

**SPECIAL birthday cake with one candle for first anniversary party of the Arrows Club for Servicewomen, Edgecliff Road, this Saturday.**

Energetic hostesses, Betty Dean, Nell Backhouse, Jo Tyndall, and Maureen Glyne, who have been busy all year providing happy parties for their servicewomen guests at the club, will make sure party is the usual success.

Since club, which is run by Ladies of the Grail, was opened last August by Lady Wakehurst, hundreds of servicewomen have found its homely atmosphere just what they wanted in off-duty hours.

**SULKIES, horses, and bicycles** main methods of transportation for spectators and competitors in gymkhana at home of Mrs. Cyril Ruwald, at Warranunga, in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children funds.

Mrs. Ruwald, and Mrs. N. Brown (who lives on adjoining property) arrange the 23 events, and after gymkhana is over they serve tea outside.

Numbers of U.S. nurses and servicemen attend, and specially delighted with buckjumping event.

**JOYCE HUTCHINSON**, pianist, Neil Mackay, violin, and Joan Bonami, soprano, provide delightful programme at the regular Sunday afternoon musicale at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen.

Cpl. Betty South (W.A.A.F.) made a speech of thanks for the enthusiastic audience of servicewomen and servicemen. Mrs. S. Moston arranged the programme.

**SERVICE engagement announced.** Waaf Ruth Butcher, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Butcher, of Coogee, to Donald John Murn, R.A.A.F., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Murn, of Solomontown, South Australia.

**WEDDING** ring belonging to bridegroom's great-grandmother slipped on Josephine Birkby's finger when she marries Sergeant Donald Gilmour, R.A.A.F., at St. Mary's. Don is well known as interstate baseball player, and played recently in Service match between U.S. and Australian teams.

Bride is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Birkby, of South Hurstville, and bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Gilmour, of Melbourne.

Reception is at the Forum Club.

**ENGAGEMENT announced:** Kathleen, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Medbury, of Strathfield, to Staff-Sergeant Robert White, A.I.F., only son of Mrs. V. White, of Marickville, and the late Mr. John White.

## FILM GUIDE

\*\*\* **The Pied Piper.** The film version of Nevil Shute's best-seller is a simple, yet genuinely moving, account of a crusty old Britisher who shepherds a brood of children across France in that tragic spring of 1940. Monty Woolley gives a skilful performance, and the children, headed by Roddy MacDowall and Peggy Ann Garner, are delightful. The supporting cast has been selected with infinite care, with Anne Baxter making an attractive French heroine, and Jill Esmond giving a memorable portrayal of an English mother. The story is told with warmth and sincerity, and occasional flashes of quiet humor. Its only fault is a lack of action, and rather too much restraint.—Century; showing.

\*\*\* **Coastal Command.** This is a Ministry of Information epic of the work done by the British flying-boat men on their ordinary routine job. In preparing the film, camera crews spent hundreds of thrilling hours in the air in Sunderland, Catalina, Beaufighters, and Hudsons, filming the crews as they carried out their duties in icy weather. This is the story of actual airmen on actual operation, and because of its absolute authenticity, "Coastal Command" is a truly great documentary.—Lyceum; showing.

\*\*\* **For Me and My Gal.** Charming and nostalgic film of vaudeville's golden age set in the days of the first World War. Judy Garland, as the song and dance artist, makes a warmhearted and sincere heroine in the appealingly human story of vaudeville troupe. Judy gives a fine performance, and is capably supported by George Murphy—sometimes over-the-top—and dynamic Gene Kelly.—St. James; showing.

**Kid Dynamite.** In this tiresome film from Monogram studios the East Side Kids reach their all-time low. The dreary story revolves around a group of youthful hoodlums in the slums of New York, and in what way they are affected by the war effort of the United States. Actually, it's all a rather pathetic attempt to pep up the same old story by injecting a little topical interest.—Capitol; showing.



RED CROSS RECITAL. Dutch dancer, Edmee Monod and Daria Collin, who will give dance recital at Conservatorium this Wednesday for Red Cross H.Q. Brunch.



BRITISH "TOMMY" WEDS. Corporal Victor Pax Fisher, Royal Electrical Mechanical Engineers, and bride, Joan Lamerton, at St. Joseph's, Neutral Bay.



ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED to three brothers. From left: Doris Moor, to Q.M. Sgt. Geoff Hammond, A.I.F.; Gertrude O'Keefe, to L.-Bdr. Reg Hammond; and Jean Eadie, to Gnr. Don Hammond, A.I.F. Boys are sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hammond, of Lakemba.



DISCUSSING PROGRAMME for "Leningrad" Symphony Concert at Town Hall on August 24, for Russian Medical Aid, are (from left) Miss N. Griffiths, Miss M. Newsome, and Mrs. Hope Gibson.





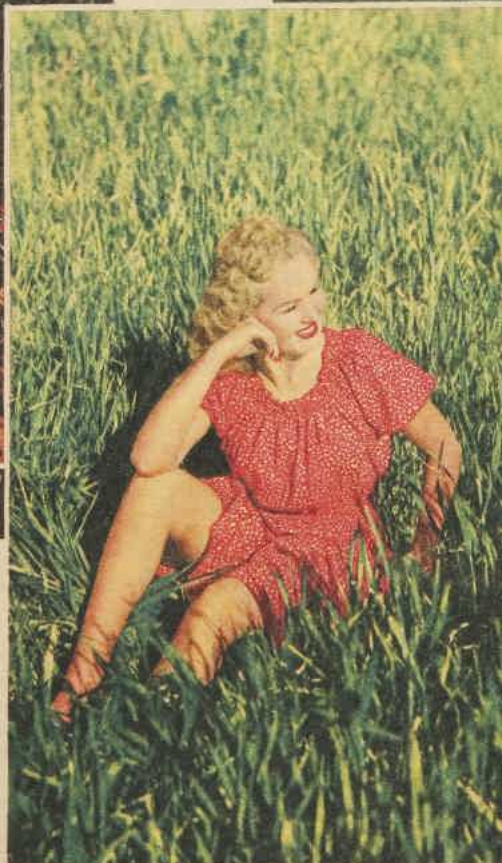
● On leave from the U.S. Army Air Force, Lieut. William Holden goes riding with his wife, Brenda Marshall, Warner Bros. star.



● Hollywood's war workers do their own gardening to save manpower and keep fit. Pruning the hedge is all in the day's work for Paramount's Wendy Barrie (At left).



● A few moments in her garden is rare relaxation for Ruth Hussey, busy with war canteen work and her latest MGM film, "Tennessee Johnson." Ruth's husband, Robert Longenecker, is in the U.S. Army.



● No. 1 "pin up" girl of the U.S. Army, Betty Grable, recently used to band-leader Harry James, relaxes between camp tours and work on Fox musical, "Coney Island."

## Movie World

WARTIME Hollywood plays in its own backyard.

Quiet relaxation at home is a necessary antidote to marathon tours on camp entertainments and on bond-selling campaigns.

Many stars have responded to the grow-more-vegetables campaign by converting their lovely landscape gardens into vegetable plots, doing the digging and planting themselves.

Home leave for husbands in the Services interrupts the gardening programme, but is usually a simple, outdoor holiday.

Lieut. William Holden and his wife, Brenda Marshall, spent his recent leave on a riding trip with the two horses they gave each other shortly before their marriage.

When her husband, Robert Longenecker, is home on leave Ruth Hussey and he organise beach picnic trips for lonely soldiers.



The A.W.A. says:—

"Being in the Army doesn't mean that I neglect my appearance or lose my feminine charm. In fact, it is just the opposite. We must do justice to the uniform we proudly wear. The finishing touch to my make up is Escapade Lipstick."

Escapade is made from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Made in two sizes.

# Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF  
LIPSTICKS





## "B.O." kept her prisoner

BESS was a pretty little thing. Worked hard all day in the factory. But, oh dear, might have been behind prison bars for all the fun it brought her afterwards! A social failure—because she didn't make sure of daintiness, didn't use Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy, with its special health element, is the one sure counter to "B.O." And that same ingredient helps to make Lifebuoy extra mild . . . milder than many beauty and baby soaps. Try Lifebuoy—your very next bath.



A LEVER PRODUCT

W.75-26

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

a friend in need for

## Stomach Pains

Every day you continue to suffer from stomach trouble or indigestion is one more day of regret for you. But by starting NOW with De Witt's Antacid Powder you ensure instant relief from the first dose . . . permanent freedom from dreaded pain after meals . . . return of an eat-what-you-like digestion. That's what De Witt's Antacid Powder brings to every victim of digestion disorders.



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

## DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. In large sky-blue canisters, 2/6.

Breaks Colds Quickly—  
**WOODS' Great** PEPPERMINT CURE

## THE MORE THE MERRIER



1 IN VIEW of housing shortage in Washington, Connie (Jean Arthur) sublets spare room to Dingle (Charles Coburn).



3 DESPITE FACT that Connie is engaged to petty Government official, she is at last persuaded to let Joe remain.



5 POLICE on false track suspect Joe and Connie of espionage. They are cleared, but story appears in paper, which causes Charles and Connie to quarrel.



2 DECIDING that Connie is lonely, Dingle in turn sublets half his room to young aircraft technician Joe (Joel McCrea).



4 FIANCE Charles (Richard Gaines) takes Connie to night club, but they are followed by Joe and Dingle.



6 TO CLEAR Connie's name, Joe finally consents to a marriage of convenience.

## Gay new comedy set in wartime Washington

COLUMBIA'S sprightly comedy-romance, "The More the Merrier," gives the audiences an amusing cross-section of current life in crowded wartime Washington.

When Joel McCrea takes Jean Arthur dinner dancing in a crowded night club the Black Hole of Calcutta has its present-day counterpart.

For this scene producer-director George Stevens crowded three hundred Hollywood players, together with the technical crews, on to a set that was not much larger, figuratively speaking, than a postage stamp, and cluttered with furniture, potted palms and the like.

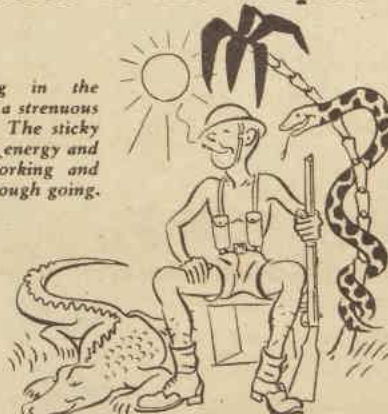
The whole scene takes place within a mere 1728 square feet of floor space. Reduce the available area perhaps two-fifths by the bar, bandstand, and other furnishings, and another fifth by tables and chairs, and it figures to about two square feet per acting person.

The theme of this fast-moving show introduces some sprightly and original slants on the housing problem in the nation's capital.

The difficulties arise when Miss Arthur, as Government worker, sub-leases half her apartment to two men, causing both annoying and romantic problems.

## Aussies in the Tropics

Soldiering in the tropics is a strenuous business. The sticky heat saps energy and makes working and fighting tough going.



Next parcel you send to your man or girl on active service, put in a flask of Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets.

Dr. Power's Tablets are based on the wartime tonic prescription adopted in Britain.

They are concentrated into handy tablets and one or two taken mid-morning and/or mid-afternoon with a drink restores freshness and energy.

Most chemists have Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets in stock. Flasks of 80 are 6/6, small flasks of 36 are 3/6.

Be sure to get the genuine English Dr. Power's Tonic Tablets.

PT3



## Bright ideas for spring suits...

● For the slim only, these stripes running round the jacket and large patch-pockets of same material as skirt. Knit a wool mesh scarf for the head, tuck it into the collar, and make gloves to match. (Right.)

● Remnants of material can be combined with jackets or skirts already in your wardrobe to make spring suits. Grey and white lightweight striped jacket goes with black skirt and black collar. Brighten with accessories. (Below.)



● Check panel in front of coat to match a check skirt, a bright notion to renovate an old suit. In gay colors and fairly light material this would be just right for spring weather. (Above.)

● Fastening shortage is overcome by using gay bows to fasten a suit, one end attached in place of button to slip through buttonhole and tie with end on outside. Jacket is bound to match predominant color in skirt. (Above left.)



**Why** are colds, coughs, and influenza relieved so quickly by Edinburgh Cough Mixture?

**Because** Edinburgh Cough Mixture (sold by chemists only) is the only cough mixture to contain an anti-cold vaccine which directly attacks cold germs.

**AT ALL CHEMISTS**

**EDINBURGH COUGH MIXTURE**

CONTAINING AN ANTI-COLD VACCINE

Treat  
**ECZEMA**  
with  
**DOAN'S OINTMENT**

This well-known remedy heals and quickly allays the burning irritation, and soon gives the sufferer complete relief. Don't delay, buy a pot at once.

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers Everywhere.  
Foster-McClellan Co.,  
Proprietors,  
15 Hamilton St., Sydney.

IF THE HAIRDRESSER  
THOUGHT ALOUD:

I'VE DONE MY  
BEST BUT I CAN'T  
MAKE HER  
LOOK GLAMOROUS  
WITH THAT  
BLOTCHY  
SKIN.

Make a permanent appointment with "oomph"! Get rid of skin faults with

**Rexona**  
MEDICATED SOAP

YOU'VE MADE  
ME SO HAPPY,  
JOY DARLING!

THINKS:  
I'D NEVER  
HAVE HAD  
SUCH A  
MARVELLOUS  
TIME IF  
REXONA  
HADN'T HELPED  
MY SKIN



THAT PRECIOUS skin of yours! So easy to keep it youthful, free of tiny blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona's medication is made specially to freshen a sluggish complexion, to cleanse pores of embedded dust and grease. Try it yourself. When you see how much Rexona helps, you'll never go back to other soaps.

**REXONA SOAP** is medicated with Cady and in addition contains Oil of Clove, Oil of Eucalypt, Oil of Tea, and other valuable skin medicaments.

X.29.39

**F**AINTLY above the hum of the engines came the wailing sound of the alert. One of the girls touched her arm.

"Come on, ducks, there's trouble brewing."

"Oh, those spotters have got cold feet—remember that last time they sent us down?"

"Well, they won't make the same mistake twice after the strafing we gave them. Step on it, kid, I want to be here on pay day!"

"All right."

She joined the orderly queue filing to the shelters; outside there was the hum of aircraft, fading into the distance. They were clearing off while the going was good, they'd smelt the Spitfires. Martin's words came back to her. "The speed and accuracy at which you can produce these parts means men's lives." Every hour counted, every minute. There were so few of the machines made here the only one in this factory, she the only skilled worker. She slipped out of the file.

## Lady in Hazard

Continued from page 14

"O H, dear, I am glad," she cried breathlessly, as though she had just run a hundred yards. "We were getting so worried. In another half-hour Mr. Fielding would have gone out to look for you."

"Where?" inquired Cunningham, dryly.

"I really don't know," Mrs. Shastars waved her hands in a gesture encompassing the southern half of Australia. "We had no idea where

you were. And being so upset-over poor Joe, and—"

"I'm so sorry, but we suddenly decided to go to Merringbah," explained Sheila.

"To Merringbah! But, good gracious, what made you go all that way?"

"Pyjamas, Mrs. Shastars."

"Pyjamas, Mr. Cunningham? But really—"

"Needed another pair. Miss Heydon went with me for the trip."

"But surely you didn't walk!"

"We went with the soldiers and came back in the service car," Cunningham walked ahead, leaving Mrs. Shastars staring after him.

"Really," said Sheila, "you're intolerably rude. That poor woman!"

"I'm afraid I do tend that way. But she gets on my nerves."

As they passed through the vestibule they were surprised to see the office occupied by Mrs. Fielding. She was sorting through some papers, but glanced up with a fleeting smile as they passed.

"There might be a telegram or something," said Sheila. "I'll inquire."

Cunningham walked on down the corridor. He was asking himself for the thousandth time the question that had been gnawing at his mind ever since they left Merringbah. Why had he involved himself in all this, and what, being involved, was he to do about it? If this girl's crazy sister chose to clear out across country with an escaped German internee, what business was it of his?

Unless, indeed, he made it his business to let the proper authorities know. That way, plainly, lay duty. A Margaret Heydon who had mysteriously vanished was one thing. A Margaret Heydon who might be driving von Graupner to a place of safety was distinctly another.

Sheila, naturally, was worried about her sister, but the affair had another and a deeper significance, a significance which, obviously, she did not gather. Von Graupner, possessor of another car and a certain amount of petrol, plus the assistance of an Australian girl, was an infinitely more dangerous man than von Graupner alone and friendless, making his way by devious means to safety.

Cunningham knew that, shorn of all personal considerations, his course was clear. Authority must be informed. To the description of von Graupner already in circulation must be added the possibility that he had obtained possession of a yellow coupe, and was travelling in company with a young woman, somewhere along the south coast of New South Wales.

If he kept this knowledge private, Cunningham told himself coldly, he was a traitor.

He should have faced these facts at Merringbah and told Sheila bluntly what had to be done. Bitterly he regretted not having done so. It would have been all over now, and no matter what Sheila thought of him, in her secret heart she must have seen the necessity. But, like a fool, he had allowed himself the luxury of pity, with the sole result that he must now steel himself to play the brute.

To be continued

## This Frail Flower

Continued from page 5

crash. For a second everything rocked, small tools fell about them, the last remaining window tinkled down, clouds of dust arose, blinding them and choking them.

"Are you all right?" shouted Martin.

"I bit my tongue and cracked my head—it hurts like anything."

His arms were miraculously round her. "Oh, Carol, how refreshingly feminine of you! You risk your life most recklessly and yet you grumble over a bruise!" His arms were still around her and she drew closer as they listened to the hum of the aircraft fading away. Martin looked down at her.

"Why did you come back, Carol?"

She looked into his face. "I came back because I had to, because I wanted to, because I loved my job. I've got a strange story to tell you, Martin. It may interest you, or it may not, but you must believe it—every word."

"Tell me."

"When I started this work I had only one thought—to prove to my father that I was right and he was wrong. I was full of self-pity, my little pleasant world had disappeared, everyone's hand was against me, that's what I thought. I worked hard at the training centre because I couldn't bear to be outshone by anyone else, then I came here and a few days later you turned up."

"And was I surprised to find you?"

"I know, and that made it more important than ever to succeed. Father expected me to fail, I had to show him; you expected me to fail, and I had to show you."

"I expected you to, but was terribly glad when you didn't."

"Oh, Martin, thank you for that! You see, after a little while it just didn't matter whether or not I 'showed you.' I suppose it was be-

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I started it last week as my diary, but it was so thrilling I decided to expand it into a full-length tragic novel!"

cause for the first time in my life I was really useful and necessary. I was being accepted on my own values. I was important—if I was late my machine was silent and inactive, the works output lessened by a fraction—it excited me—"

He tilted her face towards his and kissed her mouth.

"I sensed something of this that night we talked in the rain. I knew then that I loved you still."

She buried her face in his shoulder. "I'm so grateful for this second chance. I won't fail this time."

"We neither of us will fail—that first frail flower of loving was just a hot-house plant, it couldn't survive reality. This second blooming is of sturdier stock, it has roots deep in good soil."

"Martin, you read that bit in a book!"

He grinned down at her in the old familiar way.

"I believe I did. Don't you like it?"

(Copyright)

## DO YOU KNOW?



**CAT'S TOOTH IN BOY'S JAW!** In Suffolk children were told to bury their milk teeth, otherwise a witch might find the tooth and use her powers to make a cat's tooth grow in the child's jaw.



**PERSIANS** clean their teeth with a fresh twig every day. They believe that a man or woman with widely spaced teeth will marry twice and have many children.



**HINDUS** believe there are days when they must not brush their teeth on pain of Hell. On most days, however, it is a Hindu's duty to clean teeth after meals.



**MOST TOOTH DECAY** starts where food deposits accumulate. Remove food deposits completely with Kolynos... you'll have fewer dental troubles. You'd rather use a tooth powder? Then get Kolynos Tooth Powder. Its supreme, to safeguard enamel.

**Kolynos Dental Cream and Tooth Powder**



## Stretch for Beauty



THIS EXERCISE is destined to tone muscles, increase general circulation. Lie flat on back with arms outstretched, and raise legs slowly to vertical position. Repeat.



KEEPING SHOULDERS flat on mat all the time, swing legs from left, back to the vertical position, and over to the right. This exercise tones the muscles of shoulders, chest, waist, and abdomen.



ALMA CARROLL, Columbia player, demonstrates important positions of a splendid exercise that slims stomach, waistline, and legs. Lie on a mat as shown, and pull knees up to chest. Repeat 20 times.



HERE YOU SEE her doing the classic rowing exercise which firms the muscles and streamlines the waist. This exercise should be repeated ten times daily. Try it out for yourself! It's so good for you.

## SPRINGTIME...in the kitchen garden

● Good to know that soon you will be able to sow all kinds of vegetable seeds.

—Says Our Home Gardener.

THE most urgent job now is to put the finishing touches to the soil preparation. Dig deeply, add plenty of rotted manure, hoe or rake the soil into a condition of fine tilth—and germination will be rapid and satisfactory.

Sow a little of everything instead of solid blocks of one variety. Don't overdo potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins, or squashes. Bear in mind that the family soon becomes tired of a one-variety diet.

A short row of parsnips sown in September can be followed two months later by another short row, but beans must be sown successively so that you always have enough in the garden to fill the family beanpot at least twice a week—and right through the season—late spring, summer, autumn, and early winter.

Tweed Wonders, Brown Beauty, and Blue Wonders are tasty. Snake beans are said to have an asparagus flavor. They, too, are climbers, and often grow nearly a yard long—and are stringless.



TWO LITTLE DUTCH CHILDREN—Wiesje and Hein Vopelaar—stand proudly in front of their Australian backyard garden with some of the good things their daddy has grown. Practically every vegetable in season thrives in this well-tended garden.

Get the ground ready for beans now, and bear in mind that they like rich soil that contains a fair amount of lime.

Tomatoes and lettuce, endive, and cucumbers are the salad quartet. Sow them generously in good soil that has been well prepared. Tomatoes and cucumbers prefer an open, sunny position, but both lettuce and endive can be sown on the shady side of taller crops or in semi-shade. They dislike the hot, sunny afternoons of summer.

Lettuce and endive require to be grown quickly or they both become tough and bitter. Rich soil and regular water are the chief ingredients for success with these backbone of the salad.

Tomatoes are problem children of the kitchen garden. They are subject to more diseases and pest attacks than most other vegetables. They require a place in the sun, rich soil, ample moisture, and regular feedings of fertiliser or liquid manure.

### Control pests

KEEP plenty of arsenate of lead on hand to kill leaf-eating insects that may attack them, as well as tartar emetic for the control of thrips—the carriers of spotted wilt.

Make sure, too, that both the spray and the dust-gun are in order and ready for the coming season. Spring cabbages and late cauliflowers will need dusting against cabbage moth grubs.

Build up the herb supply, too. Sow seeds of parsley, thyme, sage, and set out roots of mint, marjoram, and others that will add flavor and zest to food.

Most herbs prefer poor to medium quality soil.

Seedlings of onions, leeks, lettuce, beetroot, kohlrabi, rhubarb, silver beet, and seeds of radish, mustard, okra, and celery can be sown any time in late August or September.

In warm districts chokoos can be planted. These should be set out in well-manured hills or deeply-manured ground. Place sprouted chokoos on their sides in the holes with the sprouts pointing slightly

upwards. They strike much better than if planted upright.

Potatoes should be sown without delay. The best varieties for sandy soils are Factor, Early Manistee, Katahdin, Carman, and Arran Chief. Brownells do best in heavy soils, and Alpine Wonders and Manhattans in volcanic soils. If the garden is small only a few rows of potatoes should be sown.

## HELPS PREVENT the development of many . . . COLDS

At the first snuffle or sneeze, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Spreading over the troubled area where most colds begin, it soothes irritation, shrinks swollen membranes, relieves congestion, helps prevent many colds from developing.



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Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take colds and can't eat certain foods?

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stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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### RELIEVES ASTHMA

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# SALADS...

for radiant health,  
beauty, and morale

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The  
Australian Women's Weekly

● As you know, salad vegetables belong to the essential food groups. At least one service of uncooked vegetable or fruit must be made each day.

IN the recipes on this page salad supplies are made to go as far as possible. Their delicate flavors are given careful blending, their colors are contrasted to satisfy the eye as well as the palate.

Every wise woman, for reasons of health, beauty, and morale, plans on the salad-a-day menu.

Breakfast fruits make more servings if sliced and dressed in salad form.

The salad platter is first favorite for luncheon, whether packed or table variety. This salad is a meal in itself, accompanied only by rolls and coffee.

If the dinner salad is the main dish, introduce it after hot, creamy soup, and follow with hearty, appetite-satisfying sweet.

The service of side salad with a hot meat dish is an American habit of growing popularity in this country — worth cultivating especially if on these cold days you have substituted a hot entree for the luncheon salad.

## FRUITED MEAT SALAD CUPS

One and a half cups cubed cooked meat, preferably lamb or veal, 1 cup diced pineapple or apple, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon parsley, salad dressing, fruit chutney, lettuce.

Combine the meat, pineapple, orange juice, parsley. Form the lettuce into cups, and pile the meat and fruit mixture in the lettuce cups. Top with dressing and a small spoonful of chutney. Serve with freshly made cheese scones.

## LEMON CREAM ROLLS

(Serve with salad)

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, lard, or margarine, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze of lemon juice, milk.

Sift flour. Rub in fat. Add lemon rind and juice and beaten egg. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly and roll to 1/8 in. thickness. Cut into rounds, moisten, and fold into halves. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes.

## SPRING TONIC SALAD

Three cups of finely shredded cabbage, 1 cup grated tart apple, 1 cup chopped eschallot, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, pepper and salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, few crisp lettuce leaves.

Combine the cabbage, apple, and eschallot. Season well with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Crisp well in cold place, covering with a wet cloth. Pile on a salad dish, sprinkle with parsley, and garnish with lettuce. Serve with or without dressing.



COLOR FOR THE TABLE and whips of Vitamin C for the meal. This salad has a diced potato and green pea centre with just the merest hint of eschallot. Shredded cabbage, tomato wedges, and minted pineapple sticks complete the platter.

## STUFFED BEET SALADS

Six beetroots, 1 1/2 cups finely minced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped celery leaves, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salad dressing, salad greens.

Cook the beet whole and marinate for a few hours in seasoned vinegar. Cut off top and scoop out centre. Chop this scooped beetroot finely and pound with the meat, onion, curry powder, and celery leaves. Season to taste, binding with salad dressing. Pile in beetroot cups, top with chopped parsley, and serve in nests of salad greens.

## MOULDED FISH CREAM WITH CUCUMBER SALAD

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon grated egg-yolk, dash red pepper (if any), cucumber, 1 tomato, cress, or lettuce.

Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice and stir into the white sauce. Add the fish. Season to taste and pour into a mould. Chill until lightly set. Turn out on to a salad platter. Sprinkle grated egg-yolk and red pepper on top. Surround with slices of serrated cucumber. Garnish with salad greens and tomato wedges.

## CORNUCOPIA SALAD

About 12 thin slices of cooked silverside of beef. One cup diced cooked potato, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon parsley, salad-dressing, salad greens.

Combine the potato, carrot, and peas, flavoring, if liked, with a little onion and grated raw turnip or radish. Add the parsley, and moisten with salad-dressing. Place spoonfuls on the thinly sliced beef, and roll into a horn shape, securing, if necessary, with small wooden picks. Place on salad dish, and garnish with salad greens.

## CRISPED CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Cauliflower, carrots, turnips, hard-boiled eggs, vinegar or lemon juice, few lettuce leaves.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, and crisp in chilled water. Arrange in centre of salad dish, and season and sprinkle liberally with lemon juice or vinegar. Surround with few lettuce leaves, and alternate spoonfuls of grated carrot and turnip. Garnish with wedges of hard-boiled eggs placed on the grated turnip. Serve with salad-dressing.

## HONEY BRANS

(Serve with salads)

Half cup honey, 2 tablespoons melted shortening (butter, margarine, or clarified dripping), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 or 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons bran, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, milk.

Beat the shortening into the honey. Add the beaten eggs and lemon juice. Stir in the bran, and, lastly, the flour, adding just enough milk to make a smooth drop consistency. Bake in small greased patty-lins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10-15 minutes.

## INDIVIDUAL FRUIT CHEESE SALADS

Red apples, oranges, grapefruit, lettuce, endive or cress, cream cheese, finely chopped eschallot.

Cut the unpeeled red apple into thin wedges, and dip in lemon juice or pineapple juice to prevent darkening. Arrange on the salad green on individual dishes, using 3 pieces to form a triangle. Top with peeled sections of grapefruit, and then with orange sections, arranging so the red apple skin shows. Fill centre with seasoned cream cheese, and sprinkle eschallot on top.

## CHEESE TWISTS

(Serve with salads)

Four ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. good dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, good dash pepper, 2 tablespoons sharply flavored grated cheese, 1 egg, little water.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper. Rub in the dripping. Add the cheese, and then the beaten egg. Add just enough water to mix to a dry dough. Knead lightly, and roll to a thin sheet. Cut into strips 4 inches by about 1/2 inch. Twist, and place on oven tray. Bake in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) until crisp, and lightly browned. Cool on tray.

## MEXICAN CABBAGE SALAD

One tablespoon gelatine, 11 cups boiling water, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup diced apple, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, salad greens, radish roses, pepper and salt.

Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water. Add the sugar, lemon juice, vinegar, cabbage, celery, apple, onion, and chopped pepper. Season to taste. Pour into a wetted mould, and set until just firm. Turn out on to salad greens, and garnish with radishes and red pepper strips.





## Prize recipes sent in by readers...

● Readers share their home-tested recipes with other homemakers—and win cash prizes.

**S**IMPLE, inexpensive, and seasonable recipes are always an asset to the homemaker. That is why these recipes have been selected as the best of the week.

Send us your kitchen triumph. It may win you the main prize of £1 next week.

### CURRIED SPINACH CUTLETS

Two bunches spinach (or silver beet), 1 minced onion, 1 small minced apple, 2oz. chopped cooked ham (or lamb), 1oz. flour, 2oz. minced nuts, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 1oz. lard, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Prepare and cook spinach in very little salted water and rub through sieve. Melt lard in pan and fry onion for few minutes. Stir in curry powder, flour and milk, and cook for 5 minutes, then mix in spinach, apple, nuts, and ham. Spread on dish to cool, then shape mixture into cutlets, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Serve with vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Bunte, 34 Howitt St., Sth. Yarra, Vic.

### DEVONSHIRE SQUAB PIE

Place a layer of lean mutton pieces at the bottom of a pie dish, pepper and salt, a dredge of flour, then a layer of thinly sliced onion; then a good layer of sliced apples, sugar, pepper, salt, and flour. Repeat until dish is full. Line edges of pie dish with a good crust, cover and bake for nearly 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Pat Mansfield, South Bruns Light, via Lunawanna, Tas.

### ORANGE TART

Two tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 good tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda.

Cream butter and sugar, and mix with yolk of egg. Beat well and then add flour, etc. Line a greased pie plate with pastry and bake a light brown. Then put in this filling. Bring to boil 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, mix 1 dessertspoon custard powder and 1 dessertspoon cornflour with juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Stir into syrup, boil for three minutes, stirring all the time. Take off and stir into it 1 dessertspoon butter. Pour into pastry case and make meringue of white of egg (stiffly beaten). Bake a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Oribin, C/o Mrs. Bliss, Otway, Harris St., Hawthorne, Brisbane.



COAX the convalescent's finicky appetite with tempting, varied food. Food that is meant to be hot should be really hot. Use pretty china, and don't overlook the effect of a posy of flowers, or a spray with a few green leaves.

### STUFFED ONIONS

Place three large onions in boiling water, and cook for 20 minutes. Take out of water and draw centres of onions (with a fork) from the root end. Place centres (finely chopped) in a basin with 1oz. of grated cheese, 3oz. minced meat, 1oz. minced ham, salt and pepper to taste. Mix together thoroughly. Fill centres of onions with this mixture, and place a small piece of butter on each onion. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Place onions on a hot dish and pour over brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Henderson, No. 4 Flat, Waragul, 197 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

### MARMALADE BRAN PUFF

Beat 2 eggs well into 2 tablespoons brown sugar and 2 dessertspoons soft butter (or substitute), and beat all till quite creamy and all sugar is smooth. Add 4 tablespoons white flour and 1 cup prepared patent bran, several drops of orange juice, 1 grated rind of 1 orange, and a good pinch salt. Grease a pie dish and pour in half bran mixture. Have ready 2 skinned and sliced oranges and place layers of these on the mixture, and, lastly, 2 dessertspoons orange marmalade thinned with about 2 teaspoons water. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts, pour remainder of bran mixture over, and bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve hot with custard or whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. J. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

### APPLE CAKE

Two teaspoons pla—flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1lb. margarine, 1 teaspoon dried mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon stewed apples, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon salt.

Stew apples and keep warm. Cream margarine, and then add sugar. Mix the soda with the apples, and add to margarine and sugar. Add fruit alternately with the flour and lastly the salt. Beat very well and bake in a moderate oven from 1 to 1 1/2 hours in a lined tin. Oven 350 to 370 deg. F.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Phillips, 23 Henson St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

### BRUSSELS SPROUTS

(with Cheese Sauce)

One and a half lb. sprouts, 1 pint milk, 3oz. cheese, 1oz. margarine, 1oz. flour, salt and pepper to season. Wash and prepare sprouts. Cook in boiling salted water till skewer goes through them easily. Drain and place in dish. Cover with cheese sauce made this way: Melt margarine, add flour, and blend smoothly. Add milk, stir, and bring to boil. Simmer 2 minutes. Add cheese (grated). Keep back 1 dessertspoon to sprinkle over top. Brown lightly in oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Coylett, Hammerdale Ave., East St. Kilda, Vic.

## Importance of milk in the diet

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

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